The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1903.

The Week.

Senator Hanna has now a perfectly good excuse for urging the Ohio State Convention to endorse President Roosevelt's renomination. He had said that such action was never taken except in the case of a "favorite son." Well, Mr. Roosevelt has shown that he is Ohio's favorite son. So he is, apparently, of every other State in the West and Northwest, excepting possibly Indiana. At any rate, his renomination is as certain as any future event can be. The disappearance of prosperity might defeat his reelection, but not even that could now prevent his renomination. With this strong assurance his to-day, President Roosevelt should from now on take an even firmer stand as the representative and champion of the people against political schemers. He has no longer any need of stooping to conquer. No further compromise with politicians, no subsequent paltering with principle, can be excused on the ground that it is necessary in order to "keep the party in power"—the party, in that phrase, always meaning the party of the first part, namely, the President himself. One of the greatest perils of our system of party government has long been the temptation of a President to do things of which he was in his heart ashamed, for the sake of renomination. That snare is now removed from before Mr. Roosevelt's feet. The result ought to be to make the remaining months of his Administration reach the highest possible level of fearless devotion to duty, as it is given to the President to see it.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* publishes what purports to be an interview with the wife of a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet. The greater part of it consists of Washington gossip too trivial to be noticed, but it offers one political phase which may prove interesting to Gov. Cummins. According to the story, the Governor got a severe rebuke from President Roosevelt, Secretary Root, and Secretary Shaw when he (Gov. Cummins) made his speech in favor of tariff revision. This trio let the Governor know that the so-called "Iowa idea" was un-Republican. If the Governor has since brought about harmony in the party (quoth the interviewed) he must have done so by changing the "idea." This conception of the Administration's position in reference to the tariff coincides with that which persons not in the inner circle had pretty generally formed, but it is not to be inferred that "the Iowa idea" has undergone any change, or that Gov. Cummins has retracted one jot or tittle of his own previous sayings. Nor can such changes take place while the tariff burdens resting upon Western industry continue to weigh upon it. Petitions from makers of agricultural implements calling for relief from the duties on iron and steel and a great variety of articles which have been monopolized by Trusts are now in circulation. They will be presented to Theodore Roosevelt and to the Congress of the United States as soon as the latter comes together in regular or special session. They embody the Iowa idea, and they will disturb the harmony of the party in many places before the delegates are elected to the next national convention.

Mr. Bourke Cockran has been interviewed at Berlin on the subject of Mr. Cleveland's nomination for the Presidency. He is reported as saying that if there is a popular demand for Mr. Cleveland's return to the Presidency strong enough to force his nomination upon the Democratic Convention, that same demand will insure his election, because the opposition to him is strongest in his own party. Mr. Cockran ought to be an authority on the subject of Cleveland's forcing powers, for he went to the Chicago Convention in 1892 as the anti-Cleveland orator of Tammany Hall, and there made a speech, in the name of the solid New York delegation, in which he predicted the loss of the State and the country if Cleveland should be nominated. The same popular demand, however, which forced Cleveland's nomination upon the Convention was strong enough to insure his carrying New York and the country and, if we are not mistaken, the support of the Tammany orator himself. Therefore, Mr. Cockran's sayings on this subject must be considered little less than oracular.

Mr. Cleveland was never more courageous, or more absolutely sound, than when he cautioned the Carnegie Hall meeting last week against a rash arraignment of the Russian Government as responsible for the Kishenev massacre, and reminded his hearers that, in such matters, this stone-throwing country lives in a glass house. His pointing to the wholesale slaughter of Chinamen in Wyoming recalls a shameful event of his first Presidency. Perhaps he had in mind the humiliating reference to it which he was compelled to make in his message to Congress in 1885. He may even have freshly gone over the correspondence of that period between the Chinese Minister and Secretary Bayard. It would do us all good to read it at this juncture. We might take it in place of one of the penitential psalms. The Chinese Minister massed the evidence going to show that the massacre of the subjects of a friendly Power residing in this country was as unprovoked as it was brutal; that the Governor and Prosecuting Attorney of the Territory openly declared that no man could be punished for the crime, though the murderers "attempted no concealment"; and that all the pretended judicial proceedings were a "burlesque." All this Mr. Bayard had to admit, speaking with shame of "the wretched travesty of the forms of justice," of his "indignation at the bloody outrages and shocking wrongs inflicted upon a body of your countrymen," and of his poignant mortification that "such a blot should have been cast upon the record of our Government." Such confession is good for the soul—never more so than when we are about to denounce another Government.

Neither the temporary appearances nor disappearances of bosses are conclusive of anything in particular, and we therefore advise against attaching too much importance to the retirement of Senator Quay from the State Chairmanship of his party in Pennsylvania. This is not necessarily an evidence that he is wearying of the cares of office and leadership. There are times when such men come out into the open, and times when they burrow, and this may be one of the latter. As for the State Convention at Harrisburg last week, it was of the usual Quay sort. As the Philadelphia *Press*, which clearly desires to praise, says: "It was all smooth, easy, decorous—and dull." There was a long platform, but it would have been more interesting if it had been shorter and said more. No mention was made of the press-gag law, which shows that the ridiculousness of Pennypacker has impressed those other eminent statesmen who desired the measure as strongly as he did, but who have not been so unfortunate as to be, like Pennypacker, among its first victims. A State Senator who voted for the gag law was nominated for State Treasurer. This may make the libel statute a feature of the State campaign. It certainly ought to be an issue.

A bill has been introduced in the Michigan Legislature substantially on the lines of the new libel law in Pennsylvania. Like that, it seeks to establish a more drastic rule regarding negligence on the part of newspaper publishers, and provides that the damages to be awarded shall be increased if the libellous matter has been printed with any especial prominence, extra heavy headlines, or cartoons. The bill has not yet

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advanced far in the Legislature, but is said to have the favor of certain Michigan leaders who have been lampooned in the newspapers. We have our doubts as to the probable effectiveness of such a law in Michigan. As was pointed out in the case of the Pennsylvania statute, it really goes very little beyond existing law. The peculiar importance of the enactment in the Keystone State was that there they had a Pennypacker to expound and interpret it. As a result, the whole State broke out into a broad smile which has not even yet wholly relaxed. In Michigan, so far as we know, they have no Pennypacker. We fear that their law will fall flat.

The Mayor of Erie, Pa., furnishes a good example of the way to treat a police force determined to run itself, rather than be run by the responsible authorities. It is true that the force at Erie is not large, but it seems to have been imbued with about the same spirit which caused our own guardians of public safety to band together and contribute money in order to install a particular platoon system over the head of their Commissioner. The Erie policemen formed a union and demanded an increase in pay, under threat of resigning in a body. The Mayor promptly took them at their word and let them resign. When they tried to beg off and withdraw their resignations, he declined to permit it, basing his refusal on the ground that their action was incompatible with good discipline. He accordingly appointed new men in the places of the recalcitrants. For the moment, Erie's reorganized police force is not exactly the "finest"—without uniforms and without training—but with such a Mayor it is certain speedily to reach a high grade of efficiency.

The celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of New York city, to which the past week was devoted, was not by any means a failure, but it was not a great popular success. There were some dignified ceremonies at the City Hall, some tasteful decorations some useful special exercises in the public schools. Whatever was officially pertinent to the occasion was officially done, and done rather well. But the general body of citizens went back and forth to their business pretty much as if nothing was happening. Probably it would not have been quite like this in any other city. Abroad there would have been stately and ponderous functions, with plume and helmet, procession and review. If the metropolis of the Central West of our own country could have celebrated such an anniversary, there would have been vast excitement over it, accompanied by a general suspension of business. We may congratulate ourselves, perhaps, that we have avoided vain show and hysteria. But have we not missed something, too, of the elements which go to make up a united community, with a local pride, not vainglorious merely, but really worthy in its nature? How are citizens to be induced to turn even temporarily from their individual absorbing interests to engage in the upbuilding of such a spirit? This is a question which we still have to answer.

Some Southerners profess their readiness to submit to a reduction of Southern representation in Congress in return for the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment. In a recent address on the occasion of the decoration of the Confederate graves at Port Gibson, in that State, Congressman B. G. Humphreys of Mississippi pronounced the Fifteenth Amendment an incubus put upon the South by the North "in its anger." It is "sapping the liberties" of the South, and the price of a reduced representation in Washington is a cheap one to pay for the abolition of the abhorrent amendment. Mr. Humphreys was born in 1865; there is therefore possibly the excuse of ignorance for him when he says that "it is the declared opinion of all the unprejudiced students of the institution that the negro slave in the Southern States was, as a rule, the best *paid*, the best protected, and certainly the equal in happiness, of any peasantry upon the earth." But such colossal ignorance and misrepresentation should not lead Mr. Humphreys into self-delusion as to the possibility of a repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment. It is in the Constitution to stay, and behind it are the conscience of the North and the memories of the men who died that the Union might live.

Secretary Root's decision to order a court of inquiry to probe further into the charges against Capt. Howze, despite his belief that they are baseless, is strong evidence of his desire to get at the real facts in the case. As the matter now stands, there is a flat contradiction in the testimony. On one side there are Capt. Howze and ten American officers; on the other, Major Hunter and no less than thirty-five affidavits from Filipino witnesses. The latter Mr. Root distrusts because of his belief that "the view generally taken in a large part of the Orient, including the Philippine Islands, as to the sanctity of an oath and the moral obligation to tell the truth in judicial proceedings, varies widely from our own view, and that native testimony to almost any effect without regard to fact can readily be procured by a person interested in procuring it." To examine again Major Hunter's thirty-five witnesses with the object of establishing their credibility is, therefore, the main purpose of the commission of three officers to be appointed at once by Secretary Root. Upon their report will depend the question of a further inquiry into the acts of Capt. Howze.

But Secretary Root does not stop there. He also orders that the investigation made by Major Hunter be investigated in turn to ascertain whether it was the impartial one he should have made in accordance with his rank and his orders from Gen. Miles to make a report upon the alleged cruelties in Laoag. If it then appears, as Mr. Root seems to believe to be the case, that Major Hunter deliberately procured thirty-five Filipinos to swear falsely, deliberately attacked a brother officer because of petty spite, and set afloat apparently well-founded evidence of what Mr. Root terms "revolting cruelty," Major Hunter cannot be brought to book too quickly. Whether it is Major Hunter or Capt. Howze, there is apparently one officer whom the army can afford to do without at an early date. It must be noted in this connection that the testimonials to Capt. Howze which accompany Secretary Root's report are of the highest, and that the Secretary himself believes that Capt. Howze has maintained a high character "as well for humanity as for courage and for all soldierly qualities."

Senator Dryden of New Jersey may well be vexed at the rumor that he contemplates resigning from the Senate on account of his multiplying business affairs. As he intimates in his denial, his critics entirely misunderstand the position of a modern Senator. The more outside interests he has, or represents, the more important it is that he should be in the Senate. A pretty pass we should come to if there were no one in the Senate to defend railroads and trolley lines and mergers of various sorts from unjust attacks. With a President so careless in such matters, it is doubly important that Senators like Mr. Dryden should not desert their post of duty. Of course, their private concerns take up most of their time, and they cannot be expected to make speeches or undergo the drudgery of committee work; but there is always a sprinkling of lawyers in the Senate to attend to that necessary but comparatively unimportant work.

Thursday's melancholy disclosures regarding the condition of the so-called "Shipyard Trust" brought no news to well-informed circles in Wall Street, and perhaps did not surprise the public generally. The Stock Exchange and the "curb," in cutting down their bid for the $45,000,000 preferred and common stock from 68 and 25 respectively to figures such as 4 and 2, gave pretty plain evidence what their opinion was. The troubles of a trust company which had invested in the securities on "inside" terms, and found it impracticable either to sell or to borrow on such collateral,

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gave public advertisement of the situation. It has also been suspected for some time that the earning capacity of the new Trust's plant had been greatly overestimated. But the official explanation, which accompanies the plan for reducing capital, goes rather beyond even the most cynical of recent guesses. This statement flatly declares, as regards the "combine's" situation at the time when its stock was offered to the public, that in many of the constituent concerns "where profits had been reported, it was found upon reëxamination that the company had sustained losses instead of making profits." "Reëxamination" strikes us as decidedly innocent. Who made the original examination, and how did the examiners happen to be so obliging as to overlook what the market appears to have suspected all along, and what the "reëxaminers" have discovered with little trouble? It does not appear to us that so shocking a scandal, amounting to a confessed fraud on that portion of the public which was unlucky enough to credit the prospectuses of a year ago, ought to be left without further notice.

The receiver of the Central National Bank of Boston has called a meeting of the directors of that insolvent concern in order to present an ultimatum from the Comptroller of the Currency requiring them to furnish the necessary funds to pay its debts. If this is not done forthwith, the law will take its course. The collateral held by the bank is declared next to worthless, and in one instance a loan nearly equal to the bank's capital is said to have been made on this kind of security. Bank failures are not so rare that the case of the Central National of Boston should excite our special wonder, but all the people are interested in preserving the integrity of the national banking system. To that end the law should be rigidly enforced, including that provision of it which forbids the lending of more than one-tenth of a bank's capital to one person, firm, or corporation, directly or indirectly. The late Hugh McCulloch, a successful banker under the old régime, and later Comptroller of the Currency and Secretary of the Treasury, said in his book, 'Men and Measures of Half a Century,' that all bank failures were due to speculation or to rascality. In his opinion, there could be no excuse for any bank failure whatsoever. That this was a sound opinion may be inferred from the fact that the State Bank of Indiana (composed of thirteen branches) over which he presided, weathered all storms during the thirty years of its existence, which were peculiarly years of stress and danger in the banking world.

The causes of insolvency of national banks, as listed in the annual reports of the Comptroller of the Currency, go far to confirm Mr. McCulloch's saying that failures are due either to speculation or to fraud. The greater part of the failures catalogued from the beginning of the system in 1863 fall in the latter category. Defalcations of officers is usually combined with fraudulent management in other ways, and particularly with excessive loans to directors or their friends. Probably nine-tenths of all the failures recorded are due to this network of causes. Excessive loans and depreciation of securities generally go together in cases where there is no actual fraud. These are cases where the bank takes a risk, *i. e.*, engages in speculation. The framers of the National Bank law were practical bankers, who knew the dangers which beset their vocation. They knew that the temptation to lend money on doubtful security for the sake of extra profit would sometimes be too great for even honest bank managers to resist. In order to minimize such dangers, they inserted a clause in the law which prohibits the lending of more than one-tenth of the bank's capital to one person, firm, or corporation. This is the clause the infraction of which wrecked the Central National of Boston, and a little earlier brought the Seventh National of New York to temporary suspension. The latter was put upon its feet again by the directors, who took the money out of their own pockets voluntarily for this purpose—an example which those of the Boston institution should promptly follow.

It is an old trick of Mr. Chamberlain's to invent his authorities—or, at least, to assert that he is supported by authorities supposed to be against him. Thus, in his Birmingham speech on preferential tariffs, he said:

> "Mr. Cobden did not hesitate to make a treaty of preference and reciprocity with France, and Mr. Bright did not hesitate to approve his action; and I cannot believe, if they had been present among us now and known what this new situation was—I cannot believe that they would have hesitated to make a treaty of preference and reciprocity with our own children."

Upon this it is only necessary to remark that the French treaty was, indeed, one of reciprocity, but was not one of preference. In Morley's 'Life of Cobden' (Vol. ii., p. 291) is given an extract from the speech in which Mr. Gladstone explained the details of the treaty to the House of Commons. In it he declared in so many words, "it is perfectly understood between France and ourselves that we proceed with regard to the *commodities of all countries alike*." On another occasion Mr. Gladstone said: "Our treaty with France was, in fact, a treaty with the world," Mr. Chamberlain's idea of preference and exclusion had no place in the minds of either Cobden, Bright, or Gladstone. They are the last prophets whom Chamberlain ought to summon to bless his own scheme.

Will America retaliate? asks the London *Telegraph*, meaning to inquire whether we will make preferential tariff treaties with other countries than Great Britain in case she discriminates in favor of her own colonies—Canada, for instance. Nobody can tell beforehand what we should do in such a case. There would seem to be little reason for such retaliation on our part, seeing that Great Britain would be merely following our lead. We have conceded protective tariffs to our own producers as high as 100 per cent.—indeed, much higher than that in some instances. It is proposed that Great Britain shall follow our bad example, but on a much lower scale, by granting preferences to British subjects who do not inhabit the United Kingdom. We do not think it at all likely that she will do so foolish a thing, but if she does, we cannot, with any consistency, retaliate upon her for doing what we have done from time immemorial. Yet nobody can make a safe prediction on this score. It will all depend on whether any powerful interest can see an advantage to itself in a higher tariff than we now have, and can muster the necessary votes in Congress to get it. If it can do so, then we may have it, and may call it retaliation on foreigners, although spoliation of Americans would be the true name for it.

The penalty in the case of Huessner, the German ensign who recently killed his lifelong friend, Hartmann, a private of artillery, for failure to salute him properly, is not likely to teach the army or navy to forego any part of their extraordinary and mediæval code of "honor." Yet four years is about the sentence given to Lieut. Brüsewitz, who similarly stabbed a civilian without cause or reason, and who was subsequently pardoned after serving two years. It is not even certain that Huessner will be dismissed from the naval service. Anyhow, his punishment is, in all likelihood, not sufficient to cause the Marine School to alter its magniloquent instructions that an officer shall never draw his sword except to draw blood. Doubtless this was meant to apply to war conditions, but it is quite sufficient to overbalance a crack-brained young officer who in addition has been stuffed with nonsense about the code and "honor," and who sees militarism worshipped as the true god of the nation. One of the most powerful books which have recently appeared in Vienna, deals with the reflections of an officer about to kill himself because he had been jostled by a civilian and had not been able to stab him for the insult. Preposterous as the situation seems, it is the logical flower of military life in Europe.

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THE NATION AND THE NEGRO.

It is a pleasure to note that the leading Alabama newspapers are explicit and emphatic in denouncing the system of negro peonage which has lately been unearthed in certain counties of that State. The disgrace is admitted. Severe punishment for those found guilty of the crime against the laws of the United States is called for. The Montgomery *Advertiser*, for example, rejoices that Federal Judge Jones, before whom the cases will come, is not only "a capable and fearless official," but "a Southern man who has the honor of his section deeply at heart. He will use every power under his control to get at the bottom of these cases, and to make examples of the cruel law-breakers involved."

This is as it should be. Still more significant, however, is an expression of the Montgomery *Journal*. After speaking of the gross outrages which had been inflicted upon "ignorant and inoffensive negroes," it declares:

"Law-abiding people all over Alabama are looking to the Federal court to do what the State courts have tried for many years to do, and failed—failed because the witnesses were either bulldozed or were prevented from testifying before the grand juries for some other unknown reason.

"Certain it is, with full knowledge of the traffic that has been carried on in certain sections of Alabama in what is practically and to all intents and purposes human slavery, and the cruelties that were being practised upon the poor unfortunates, the courts have been unable, after years of effort, to bring the culprits to justice."

Here is an instructive if unwitting confession that the question of justice to the negro is and must be national. It is impossible to treat it as a local, a neighborhood question. This country has such a thing as a national citizenship, with its rights and immunities. It cannot, without stultifying its laws and Constitution, allow any locality to nullify in secret or strike down openly the guarantee which it throws about the humblest. There must be a strong arm of the nation able to reach every violator of the laws which the nation enacts. We see how promptly the plea for being "let alone" falls to the ground in Alabama to-day. The very citizens of that State are thankful for Federal interference to right a great wrong, which the local officers of justice are too weak or too cowardly to deal with themselves.

The evil is of proportions only beginning to be realized. One reason why it has now started into light is that it is spreading. Practised for years without let or hindrance in the "Black Belt" of Alabama, the system of worse than slavery is edging its way even into the uplands, where it was never known before. A great deal was heard of the revolting revelations at Goodwater. This is in Coosa County, and the Coosa *Democrat* says of the crimes laid bare: "We had read of such *at other places in the State*, and knew the serious result that the culture and growth of crookedness must bring to any people. Goodwater will ever suffer from this, but the innocent should be spared, and the name of Coosa should not be mixed and besmirched with a matter that her citizens have all along heartily condemned."

It is of the utmost importance that the extent and nature of these crimes against humanity and the laws should be publicly understood. Only a fragment of the truth has so far been told. We are informed that affidavits are in existence proving not only illegality, but cruelty of the most shocking description. Negroes are both compelled to work under guards, being shut up in what is practically a prison at night, and are flogged to their work after the worst style of the plantation in the days of slavery. Slaves at least used to be fed and housed and clothed, after a fashion; but these new Alabama slaves are sometimes worked naked and barely kept from starvation. And all, be it remembered, owing to a conspiracy between the officers of the law and heartless employers. First, the ignorant and friendless negro is arrested on some flimsy or trumped-up charge; then he is fined to the full limit of the statute, then sold at hard labor, and kept in the most abject form of slavery long after his fine and costs have been worked out and there no longer exists even a pretence of an unexecuted sentence of a court hanging over him.

Why has it been left for Federal officials to bring these horrors to public notice for redress? Has not Alabama thousands of humane and public-spirited citizens who loathe such injustice? Ah, here we come again upon that blight which slavery cast over the South. Think of a country, said Emerson before the war, without a minority, with only one opinion. There is an artificial solidarity in the South, as relates to all questions affecting the negro's rights. Honest men dare not protest against what they know to be cruel wrongs to the negro, lest they be at once accused of being disloyal to their section, or even of being willing to encourage "social equality" with colored men. That is the taunt which dries up the protests of Southern men against outrages upon the negro. Privately, they writhe under the blot upon their State, but publicly they lift no voice. Hence it is that such a stain upon our civilization as the wholesale forcing back of negroes into slavery could be perfectly well known in the South, with no attempt made to wipe it off. Who shall say, in view of these facts, that the nation has not a duty in the premises? When its citizens are imposed upon and maltreated, in clear violation of Federal laws, as also when their solemnly pledged political rights are trampled upon, it is for the nation with a big N to assert its majesty and its power. What comes of listening to the lotos-eating cry, "Let us alone,' we see from the frightful wrongs of which Alabama to-day stands confessing herself guilty, though powerless to redress them.

THE POST-OFFICE INQUIRY.

Mr. Charles Emory Smith's much-heralded "denial" of the Tulloch charges is likely to please no one except Mr. Payne. A large part of it consists in admitting that, under the stress of war, unusual, not to say illegal, methods were resorted to. "Red tape of form" was not allowed to stand in the way of the "good of the service." Moreover, Mr. Smith concedes that in some cases of "irregularities" he was "not convinced of the necessity or propriety of the transactions." These questionable actions, Mr. Smith states, were the employment of unnecessary persons. If this is disposing of Mr. Tulloch, we need a new definition of refutation.

Mr. Payne's anxiety to refute Mr. Tulloch and to reflect upon him, his complete adoption of Mr. Smith's unsatisfactory letter, his apparent desire to shield Perry Heath, will strengthen a rapidly growing feeling that the Department is not willing to let daylight into its every nook and cranny. There is a strong belief, too, that Machen and Beavers are to be made the scapegoats, and Tulloch brushed aside, while other offenders go free and Mr. Perry S. Heath is suppressed lest his injudicious tongue give some insiders away. Why all this sudden talk about the benefits to accrue from the investigation? Why this remarkable announcement that, thanks to this scandal, the Post-office Department will be self-supporting in the fiscal year 1903-1904? If this long desired result is really to come about, thanks to anonymous letter-writters, to Tulloch, to Machen, and to Beavers, why not sing a hymn of praise to them? Is it that the approaching return to Washington of the Rough Rider has reminded Mr. Payne that it is well to have a credit account as well as a debit upon the books of his official career?

It will not do to toss aside the revelations of rottenness at Washington with our easy American good nature. Our temptation will be simply to say, "Oh, there were scoundrels before Machen; there were boneless Postmasters-General before Payne"; and so dismiss it all. Not so do we treat plain symptoms of grave disease. And badly diseased our public life must be to admit of so noxious a growth of fraud attaining such an extent unperceived. The first duty is, of course, to run down the rascals. They and all their crew must be made to see that the jails are yawning for them. Personal or political influence should be allowed to spare no guilty man. But, while hunting the thieves, is it not our business also to ask how this particular set of thieves came to be entrenched in the public service?

It is no chance coincidence which con-

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nects "get-rich-quick" concerns with the postal scandals. Bribes were paid to allow such fraudulent enterprises to use the mails; but was not the whole idea of the criminals in the Department to get rich quick, and to prostitute office to do so? "Get rich, my son; honestly, if you can—but get rich." As Bishop McVickar said last week, it is this lust for money which accounts for a large part of our political corruption. All the way up from the primary to the very room of the Committee on Ways and Means of the House, "graft" aspires to lay its greedy hands. To make merchandise of office, to strive to get one's fingers somehow into the bottomless purse of the Government—that is the fundamental vice. The wretched Machen is no more guilty than Senators who have bought their seats, or committees on the tariff that sell legislation for a price. They are all a part of one unclean system. It would make barter of every office, and turn the whole public service into an auction—positions and favors going to the highest bidder.

The mad rush for wealth would not alone account for what we are seeing at Washington. That old weakness of human nature is artfuly allied with our party practices. This is the solemn truth for us to bear in mind. It is the spoils system in full flower which gives us Machen and his confederates. Many of the latter are really Congressmen. What, would we charge Congressmen with stealing? No, not money; but positions and favors, yes. They have been in league with the superintendent of the free-delivery service to secure appointments, and to spend more money than was appropriated. That was not strictly honest. That was not transacting Government business with the same fidelity as your own. The "rake-off" of the Congressman was in offices and appropriations. By granting those freely, Machen thought to fortify himself against any possible legislative interference. But what wonder if he went a step further and took his own "rake-off" on Government contracts? That was only a shade more dishonest than the use of office for personal or party reward. What is the real moral difference between creating a useless office and putting in it a man whom you expect to work for you, not for the Government, and paying extravagant prices for articles used in the public service, while quietly pocketing your commission on them? We confess we see very little.

An entire reform of our theory and practice of appointment to office, and of service in it, must come before we shall be exempt from such shocks to our complacency and our pride as the Washington disclosures have given us. Like the scandals of Grant's second term, they follow hard upon the lavish methods of war time, and show us once more just in what way war tends to impoverish the moral fibre. Resultant civic demoralization is one of the historic consequences of war. To the need of cutting out this particular gangrene, the authorities show signs of being at last aroused. Even the lackadaisical Postmaster-General finally admits that he has "a sad business" on his hands, and that "the end is not yet." Fortunately, the case has been put into the hands of that Assistant Postmaster-General Mr. Bristow, who has long been a terror to evil-doers. He recalls the Bristow who earned the enmity of the whiskey-ring in the seventies by his relentless and sleepless prosecutions. It is this skilled investigator who has now turned Mr. Payne's jocose "hot air" into indictments for crime. More power to his elbow! But we think, also, it is time that a vigorous word were heard from President Roosevelt. Can he not stiffen Payne as he turned down Hanna?

OUR ARBITRATION WITH VENEZUELA.

Venezuela's difficulties with her European creditors became so prominent last winter that the grievances of citizens of this country almost dropped out of sight. Yet one noteworthy result of the complications was the signing of the protocol providing for the arbitration of outstanding American claims against Venezuela. The commission appointed to meet on June 1 at Caracas for the adjudication of these claims will attempt to straighten out differences that, in many instances, are of half a century's duration.

The first commission to consider our Venezuela claims, in 1867, came to be an international scandal. It passed upon forty-nine cases, twenty-four of which, aggregating $1,250,000 in amount, were decided favorably to the American creditors. Only 15 per cent. of these awards were ever paid, the Venezuelan Government calling a sudden halt upon the alleged discovery that they had all been fraudulently obtained. This serious charge naturally created a great sensation. The gist of the accusation was that the several commissioners and the umpire—whose appointment, it was alleged, was not above board—had entered into a conspiracy to defraud the Venezuelan Government in the interest of certain preferred creditors. Their profit on the transaction, it was asserted, was from 40 to 60 per cent. of the awards. Inasmuch as Congress, in a joint resolution approved by President Arthur in March, 1883, declared that the charges were "not without foundation," and recommended the appointment of a new commission, it may be assumed that the evidence was pretty conclusive.

The diplomatic tangle dragged its slow length along until a new convention was signed in 1885 for the readjudication of the claims. Ratifications, however, were not exchanged until 1889. The charge that the first commission was corrupt was borne out, to some extent, by the judgments of the new one. It met at Washington in 1890, and, of the twenty-four claims allowed by its predecessor in 1867, decided that only nine were valid. Thus closed a diplomatic episode which was extremely humiliating to both governments, and which, for nearly a quarter of a century, was a menace to the relations of two friendly nations, as well as to the cause of international arbitration.

This review explains, in part, the necessity for the commission now in session at Caracas. The only province of the tribunal of 1890 was to pass anew upon the claims presented in 1867; it had no jurisdiction over the large number which had accumulated since that date. There were also several antedating 1867 which, for one reason or another, had not come before the commission of that year; and others have been piling up since 1890. The latest arbitral tribunal is sweeping in its jurisdiction. It is empowered to pass upon practically all the unadjudicated claims of American citizens against Venezuela. Moreover, a number of the cases brought before the commissions of 1867 and 1890 will be introduced again on the strength of new evidence. The unearthing of these old debts will involve the history of conditions in the republic of Venezuela since its foundation in 1811, and of our checkered relations with it.

The claims are of two classes—those which arise from contractual obligations existing between the Venezuelan republic and citizens of the United States, and the damages sued for as the result of injuries inflicted by Venezuelan agents upon Americans. Both classes are the direct outcome of the remarkable political conditions, the unstable and irresponsible governments, and the almost incessant revolutions, which have marked the annals of Venezuela. Many of the contractual obligations, for example, are represented by bonds issued to American citizens, frequently in payment for sums advanced in support of revolutionary movements. A wealthy American, that is to say, would become the financial backer of a Presidential aspirant. In the event of success, the grateful patriot would reimburse his supporter in the shape of a bond issue. Before many interest payments had been made, and almost invariably before the principal became due, another revolution (also, perhaps, with its foreign financial backer) would have driven the first President into exile. Under those circumstances, it was difficult to convince the latest incumbent that he had any obligation in connection with that particular debt. The argument made in favor of such bonds is that they have been issued by a de-facto and, in some cases, by a de-jure Government, and are

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as legal as hundreds of other acts which bound successive governments. The other claims are usually for damages caused American citizens in the suppression of insurrections. The Venezuelan habit of appropriating the property of foreigners during these crises is notorious; but, up to the present moment, the Venezuelan republic has been reluctant to acknowledge financial responsibility for acts of this kind.

It is thus apparent that many old causes of friction between the two governments are likely to be removed by the coming arbitration, as well as lasting precedents established. The present commission will have two great advantages over any previous one. In the first place, the payment of the awards is assured. Thirty per cent. of the customs receipts of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello are now being collected for the satisfaction of foreign debts. If the Venezuelans do not hand this over themselves, the protocols signed with foreign Powers provide for the installation of Belgian customs agents. Again, the protocol with the United States is unusually liberal in its terms. It provides that the awards shall be made simply with regard to the absolute justice of the claims; that plain common sense, rather than legal technicalities, shall be the basis of the decisions. This provision, together with the personnel of the commission, should assure a fair adjudication of all matters in dispute. The State Department has appointed Mr. William E. Bainbridge as its representative on the commission; Venezuela has named Dr. José Paúl, while the Queen of the Netherlands has selected as umpire Mr. Charles Augustinus Henri Barge, ex-Governor of Curaçoa.

THE ANTIDOTE FOR CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr. Asquith, a man who weighs his words, declared in a speech on May 21 that the present English Government offers a spectacle absolutely unprecedented. The difficulty was to find the points upon which its ostensible supporters and its responsible Ministers agreed. It was not simply a question of there being a "cave" in the Government; the Government was "honeycombed by caves." In the Commons, you would run at every corner upon "some little knot of Ministerial supporters going to or returning from its own particular lair." The whole thing resembled a political pantomime. At any rate, Mr. Asquith concluded, "it would not be very long before the bell would ring for the transformation scene."

Well, the transformation scene was produced on Thursday. The Prime Minister gracefully ate his own words of less than two weeks before. On May 15 he told a delegation of protesting Unionists that the corn tax could not be made a "permanent part of our fiscal system," and that a "fiscal union" with the English colonies was not possible. On May 28 he was willing to leave them both open questions, along with the whole tried policy of English taxation and trade. When his subordinate, Mr. Chamberlain, affirmed that the next election would turn on the issue of preferential tariffs, with customs duties on food and raw materials, Mr. Balfour said that, though he did not agree as to the food tax, still, the Colonial Secretary's bold proposals were consistent with "the liberty of a Minister," and that the Cabinet was not, as cruelly charged, rent with dissensions.

Looking first at the political consequences of the muddle, we can only conclude that it must be fatally damaging to Mr. Balfour. He has never been expert in matters of trade or finance. His being enamored of bimetallism was looked upon as the amiable weakness of a metaphysician wandering about in a world not realized. That has been forgiven him—possibly because he had to suffer so much ridicule for it. But a great trading nation cannot long put up with a Prime Minister who does not know his own mind in the things of commerce and taxation. It is one thing to have a flexible intellect and a keen dialectic, as Mr. Balfour undoubtedly has; but it is another to be always doubtful of your ground, to be forever hunting with the hounds and running with the hare. Mr. Balfour's mind is so hospitable that he can harbor contradictory ideas. He is too much open to the reproach which Disraeli addressed to Sir Robert Peel—namely, the peculiarity, "which is perhaps natural with men of great talents who have not the creative faculty," of having "a dangerous sympathy with the creations of others." In this case, it is the masterful and initiating Chamberlain who has come forward with his creation, and the Prime Minister placidly takes it over, despite his former protests that he never would. Only one result can follow, politically. Mr. Balfour's prestige is snuffed out. His Government may not go to pieces, but he has shown himself a reed shaken in the wind. The leadership of his party must soon pass to other hands.

That they will be Mr. Chamberlain's is now the common expectation. He has again put forth an "unauthorized programme," as he did under Mr. Gladstone. But Balfour is not Gladstone. That imperious chief gave Mr. Chamberlain to know his proper station. Now the case is far different. Mr. Balfour does not fight; he simply makes subtle distinctions and weds opposites. The constituencies and his party have shown their dissatisfaction with him. The country craves a stronger man, and the Colonial Secretary has offered himself. He has positive convictions, a bold initiative, popular qualities, and an instinct for showy phrases about taking subjects. Whether the Conservatives really like him or not, they may easily be forced to accept him. Certainly the political fates seem clearly to augur that he must increase while Balfour must decrease.

As regards his specific programme, the first thing to be remarked is that it is not at all specific. He is going to bind the Empire together by means of preferential tariffs. He proposes to prevent England from being made a "dumping-ground" for foreign manufactures. We thought that the United States had reserved all rights as the only dumping-ground, but Chamberlain has taken the thing away from us, it seems. He is also going in for a policy of tariff retaliation against Germany, and this country, too, apparently. But when you press him for a plan he refuses to produce one. A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh a plan, but no plan shall be given them—not, at least, until after the country has sent Chamberlain to the Commons with a majority at his back. But this only increases the confusion of the political situation. Here is a strong Conservative Government already in power, but its Chancellor of the Exchequer is repealing the one tax—that on grain—which may be called protective, and which furnishes a basis for preferential trade with the colonies. What is the sense of that if you are presently going to ask the country to authorize a whole series of such taxes?

The financial and fiscal bearings of Mr. Chamberlain's grandiose but vague schemes will be much discussed. We can barely mention them now. In general, the argument against them is, first, that they are inconsistent with each other. He proposes, seemingly, to protect English manufacturers, yet would do it by making their cost of production higher by means of taxes on raw materials and on food. In the second place, statistics show that England's stake in the trade with foreign nations is about three times what it is in colonial trade. In 1902 she imported from foreign countries goods to the value of $2,105,000,000; from the colonies, only $530,000,000. The exports were, respectively, $870,000,000 and $545,000,000. What shall it profit England to increase her colonial trade if she hazards the other?

That the United States has a vital interest in Mr. Chamberlain's tariff proposals is obvious. A Congressman from Minnesota speaks of them as "a cloud on our commercial horizon." He points out, what must occur at once to every one who duly weighs the fact that the United Kingdom is by far the best customer this country has, that a discriminating duty laid in England upon our foodstuffs and the raw materials of manufacture might cripple our trade disastrously. Take a few figures. We sold to Great Britain in 1902, free of duty except for the small and temporary grain tax,

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$4,220,000 worth of corn, $24,000,000 of live animals, $35,713,000 of flour, $50,000,000 of wheat, $80,000,000 of provisions, and $117,000,000 of cotton. This is a tremendous trade—upwards of $300,000,000 annually—and it is plain that a blow to it would be a shock to our national prosperity. That this has depended in large part upon our great crops, with ability to dispose of our surplus abroad, is questioned by no one. Nor is it a case for us to settle down in a fool's paradise and say that we shall go on "feeding the little islands right along," come what will. We do not consider the adoption of Mr. Chamberlain's plans probable; but they are not wholly impossible.

We will not affirm that Mr. Chamberlain is deliberately hostile to the trade of this country. What he primarily thinks of is, no doubt, the immense enlargement of an all-British trade. But the means he would employ cannot but be prejudicial to our commerce. It behooves us, therefore, to look about betimes, and take steps to ward off this possible danger. Canadian reciprocity is, in our judgment, the one road of safety and profit now open to us. By quickly closing with the willing statesmen of the Dominion a broad treaty for reciprocal trade, we not only could do a good stroke of business for the people on both sides the border, but should be able to bring the whole idea of intercolonial preferential tariffs to the ground. The reason is that we can offer Canada more than England can. We need the products of Canadian fields and forests and mines; Canada is a great natural market for our manufactures. Nature decrees close relations between the two peoples, and nature is still more powerful than Imperialism. Canadian lumber, and wood pulp, and barley, and coal are now prime necessities to us. We have manufactured products which flow into Canada in spite of her existing tariff in favor of British products. A reciprocity treaty, conceived on generous lines, in accordance with the expressed desires of New England and of the Chambers of Commerce in border cities like Cleveland and Detroit, as well as with the often manifested wishes of the statesmen in power at Ottawa, would not only bring added prosperity to both countries, as the treaty of 1856 confessedly did, but would definitely take Canada out of Mr. Chamberlain's great plan. But, with Canada out, that plan would die instanter.

NEW ROME.

ROME, April, 1903.

The vicissitudes of Rome have passed into a proverb, for no Western city so well illustrates by its history the instability of human affairs. These vicissitudes have not ended. Indeed, there has seldom been an epoch in the two thousand six hundred years during which Rome claims to have lived, which has seen larger and swifter changes in the external aspect, as well as in the social and political life of the city, than those which strike the visitor who compares what he beholds now with that which he beheld twenty or thirty or forty years ago. So far as externals go, the last fifteen years have brought about greater alterations than even the preceding fifteen, though it was in that earlier period that the rule of the Pope ended and the reign of the House of Savoy in Rome began. Swift as has been the growth of the great manufacturing towns in Germany, England, and America, the changes in Rome have been not less striking, though the scale may be less large. They are threefold changes. New quarters have been added. The older parts of the modern city, the parts which date, broadly speaking, from the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, have been transformed. And the oldest parts of all, those which belong to the republican and earlier imperial ages of the ancient city, have been so largely, if still imperfectly, explored and laid bare by excavations that their aspect is very different from that which the antiquarian studied in the middle of the last century, and wholly different from that which Turner sketched and which inspired the verses of Byron.

These three sets of changes deserve to be considered separately. Taking the additions first, it is hardly too much to say that, since 1870, the area covered by houses has been increased by one-fourth. The space covered by those beautiful Ludovisi Gardens which were so delightful a feature in all general prospects over the city, is now filled by new, wide streets, lined by tall, handsome, and perfectly dull houses. Other streets, also with tall but somewhat less pretentious houses, have arisen on the gardens and fields which lay on the Esquiline and Cælian Hills between Sta. Maria Maggiore and St. John Lateran. A still larger mass of houses—partly detached or semi-detached villa-like residences, partly high blocks of tenement dwellings inhabited by the poorer classes—has sprung up in the region called the Meadows of the Castle (Prati di Castello) to the north of the Castle of St. Angelo and to the northeast of the Vatican. Here the speculative builder has made supply outrun demand, and many of these houses stand tenantless, a dismal sight. Nor is this all. At the opposite side of the city, thickly set houses line the streets which run out into the Campagna from the Porta Pia and the Porta San Lorenzo, so that considerable suburbs now cover what had been a perfectly lonely and silent region from the days of the Emperor Constantine to those of Pope Leo the Thirteenth. Building still goes on in these districts outside the wall of Honorius, and no one can say how far Rome may push herself into the country towards Tivoli.

So much for additions. Within the old town, the cutting of new, broad streets has completely altered the appearance of some of the most densely peopled parts. Nearly the whole of the famous Ghetto, that Jewish quarter which was the most compressed and intricate tangle of lanes in the mediæval city, has been demolished. A broad and stately street leads from the Capitol end of the Corso to the railway station at the top of the Quirinal hill; and the huge marble monument to King Victor Emanuel, which is being erected on the slope of the Capitol, begins to overtop the neighboring edifices, and will, when it has been completed, form a prominent and inharmonious object in the general view. Three new bridges have been thrown across the Tiber, and the Tiber itself is now buried for great part of its course by a new embankment, which rises high above the channel and has caused the destruction of many of the old houses which abutted on the margin. Much has been gained for health. Inundations need hardly be feared in the future. Malaria has practically disappeared; typhoidal fevers are less frequent; the death-rate has been so much reduced that Rome now ranks among the most healthy of European capitals. But this gain has been accompanied by a notable loss of picturesque beauty. The suburbs spreading out beyond the walls increase the bulk of the town, and, by adding featureless districts, lessen the distinctive character which the domes, and towers, and masses of ancient ruin gave to the smaller area in all those panoramic views from the tower of the Capitol, from St. Peter Montorio, from the top of Monte Mario, from the ball of St. Peter's itself, which were, thirty years ago, one of the chief joys and most durable recollections of a visit to Rome. The new thoroughfares, and, still more, the new quarters on the Cælian Hill and the Castle Meadows, are, like all the new quarters of European cities, absolutely monotonous and uninteresting. One is apt to think that it is age and decay that make buildings picturesque; but one cannot believe that after five hundred years these recently erected streets will be any less dull and tame than they are to-day. Here and there in Europe one finds single fine buildings, stately and dignified, if marked by little originality, erected within the last forty years. But the art of street construction, considered as a distinct branch of architecture, seems to have died out alike in Italy and in Germany, in France and in England. The most ardent worshipper of beauty must, however, admit that the dwellers in Rome cannot be expected to sacrifice health and comfort to the romance of tradition and the charm of decay.

Lastly, Rome, as we see it now, has become a new Rome by the uncovering of the oldest monuments of the classical city. The discoveries made within the last twenty-five, and especially within the last ten, years, have of course affected only a small area. Four-fifths of them have been made in the Forum, inside an area which one might roughly estimate at thirty to forty thousand square yards. But this is by far the most interesting part of the city, since it is that which is most closely related to the history of the Republic and of the earlier Empire; and it is the part where the masses of ruin, planted close together, most powerfully affected the imagination of those who saw ancient Rome in her greatness and her decline. Here and there in other districts discoveries have been lately made, such as that of the old Church of St. Sabas on the Aventine, under and in the middle of the more recent church of the ninth century, or such as that of the police barrack of the *Vigiles* in the Trastevere region, some twenty feet below the level of the present ground surface. Still, the excavations in the Forum Romanum

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transcend all others, and have given us for the first time a fairly complete and exact knowledge of the various historic sites within its crowded area. The Basilica Aemilia has been entirely laid bare. The Temple of Julius Cæsar, with the very altar on which his body was burned; the fountain of Juturna, the temple of Vesta, the Regia, the Black Stone with the mysterious *cippus* or small stone pillar, bearing an inscription in letters, half Latin, half Greek, which have not yet been deciphered, and which must go back to a very remote age, have all been located and examined. A group of prehistoric sepulchres, possibly older than the traditional foundation of Rome herself, and considerably beneath the level of the Forum of Cæsar's day, has been discovered. Signor Boni, in whose hands the direction of these latest diggings has lain, has shown great skill in conducting them so as to do the least possible damage to the remains uncovered, and has shown no less taste in putting in such structural supports as were needed, and in planting flowers and shrublets where there was space for them. Another almost equally interesting excavation has revealed, at the edge of the Forum, under the stupendous pile of the buttresses of the early imperial buildings on the Palatine Hill, a large Christian church of the seventh and eighth centuries, S. Maria Antiqua, whose walls are covered with remarkable fresco paintings. These discoveries have given a veritably new old Rome to the scholar and the archæologist.

Much more remains to be done. Excavation ought to be pushed further back on the side of the Forum opposite to the Palatine, where the existence of houses still in private hands has checked the work. The Palatine itself has been less than half explored, and, though it will yield no historic spots comparable to those of the Forum, there may be priceless fragments of sculpture buried within the masses of ruin. The same is true of parts of the Cælian and Esquiline Hills. It is the want of funds that checks the progress of the work. Italy, though her financial position has sensibly improved, is not able to spend much money on what is, after all, a luxury. Under these circumstances, it may cause surprise that men of wealth and taste in other countries, and especially Americans, do not come forward to help in a work of such immense importance and interest. The Italians are a little sensitive as to receiving the aid of foreigners, yet these susceptibilities might easily be allayed. No object outside their own country ought more to appeal to Americans, for Roman archæology belongs to the whole world, and Americans have in the American School at Rome an institution of which the colleges that support it may be justly proud, and in the head of that school an accomplished and judicious scholar, whose advice as to the wise employment of funds in archæological research would inspire the fullest confidence. When one considers what light is being thrown upon primæval history by explorations such as those of Mr. Arthur Evans in Crete and Mr. W. M. Ramsay in Asia Minor, as well as by the recent explorations in Rome, it seems extraordinary that, in an age when rich men find it hard to know how to spend their wealth, it should be found so difficult to obtain funds to prosecute researches of incomparable historical significance.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May, 1903.

I cannot remember one of the Academy's shows that has contained so few fine or interesting exceptions to the general rule of mediocrity as the present. One reason, perhaps, is that Mr. Sargent seems to have put a new restraint upon himself. For several seasons past, the Academy has been relying upon him too implicitly to provide something in the way of a sensation. His huge portrait groups, with their air of inexhaustible physical energy and industry, were overwhelming in the midst of timid, furtive, anæmic little Academical performances. But this year he has no large portrait group. He sends nothing that in size or scale can catch the public's eye; and, what is more serious, nothing that in ambition or achievement can appeal to artists with the force of so much of his work in the past. His portraits are six in number, and I need not add that they are distinguished by the technical ability which is taken as a matter of course in Paris, and in London always seems so startling, such a rare gift. But I cannot help thinking that Mr. Sargent nowadays is in too much haste to meet the rush of commissions to exercise his old power of observation—or instinct, it may be, one should call it in his case. I feel this more particularly in the four portraits of women. There was a time when the faces of his women were almost indiscreet in their revelation of character; now they begin to be too non-committal to interest one. Race alone, it might have been thought, would have differentiated the type more strongly in his "Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain," "Lady Evelyn Cavendish," and "Mrs. Julius Wernher." The portrait of Mrs. Chamberlain is especially disappointing. It is a half-length. She stands, looking out from the canvas, in a delightfully painted gown of white and blue; but this gown, with its folds and shadows, its sheen and shimmer, and the chance it gives for long expressive sweeps of the brush, has apparently engrossed Mr. Sargent. The head is insignificant. The face wears the conventional smile that too many of his women of late have shared. Nor can he keep his palette clear of the unpleasant green that gets into his flesh tints, into his draperies, even into the detail which in several of the portraits he introduces into the background. And it is the same with the "Lady Evelyn Cavendish," and still more so with the "Mrs. Julius Wernher." He has evidently enjoyed the ease and rapidity with which he put in the costume—texture, color, mode, all admirably suggested—but he has been too hurried to linger over the face and give it its essential and more subtle, and therefore more difficult, character with equal vigor and expressiveness.

He has succeeded no better with his two portraits of men, though Lord Cromer, surely, should have offered him every opportunity. The large, portly, middle-aged, gray-haired man, in his correct suit of gray, who sits in his study at ease, with his legs crossed, is the typical "English country gentleman," not the statesman. There is prosperity in every substantial line and curve of the figure; the ruddy complexion speaks of a healthy life in the open air. But of the man born to command, there is not a trace—not a trace of the dignity, even the swagger, of which every old portrait painter of the least note had the secret. The likeness, no doubt, is admirable, but it is admirable photographically. It is as if Mr. Sargent had taken a snapshot with his brush at Lord Cromer in passing, without stopping to bother about pose, or design, or pictorial unity, or any other such trifle. And so, also, the painter has caught Mr. McCorquodale, in the other portrait, at the moment of leaving the room, hand even on the knob of the door; has focussed his attention upon the face, burnt by the sun to a brilliant red, and left the rest of the picture to take care of itself.

To say this is to explain that Mr. Sargent's pictures this year are not of great distinction. It must also be said, in justice to him, that they are, technically, abler and more skilful than any others in the Academy. But the trouble is that an artist upon whom Mr. Sargent has, to a great extent modelled his style, who actually succeeds where Mr. Sargent is still striving, is this spring exhibiting at the New Gallery a portrait that sets quite a different standard from the Academy's. This artist is M. Boldini, and the portrait, the wonderful "Whistler," his masterpiece. I described it when it was shown in Paris in 1900; it has been seen in New York. There is no need, therefore, to describe again one of the most amazing studies of character that any modern artist has produced. I do not mean, when I say this, that it is a portrait to be ranked with the masterpieces of Hals and Rembrandt, of Velasquez and Mr. Whistler himself. But what I do assert is that, as a study of character, it is astounding, and that, moreover, it is infinitely better than any thing shown in any gallery in London this year. It is true that Mr. Lavery and Mr. Henry both have portraits at the New Gallery, in which there is the charm of pictorial unity disdained by Mr. Sargent. True, that at the Academy Mr. Furse is unusually ambitious and accomplished in two large portraits—one of an officer standing by his horse, the other of a lady in voluminous rose-colored draperies also standing by a horse upon which the rider still sits astride, and both set against a wide romantic landscape—attempts in the "grand manner" of the eighteenth century, brought back into fashion by Mr. Sargent. True, that Mr. Greiffenhagen has a small portrait of a man (just the head and shoulders), so well designed, so harmonious in its low-toned color scheme, keeping its place so well within the frame, that, modest as it is, and obscure as is the corner found for it by the hanging committee, it strikes one as the most complete, the most perfectly rounded-out picture in the Academy. But all these things are overshadowed by the Boldini, which, in its intense vitality, its observation, its truth, its brilliant technique, simply dominates everything in London this spring.

Mr. Abbey has failed the Academy almost as signally as Mr. Sargent. It is he who, of late, has supplied the large historical composition—"the subject picture"—without which at one time no Academy would have been thought possible. But instead of the pictorial record of the Coronation that was expected of him, and that he is painting by royal command, he sends only a small canvas called "Pot-Pourri": a cool, white room, low and vaulted, with old portraits on the walls, and a group of

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women in various poses preparing the heaps of rose leaves, which give a touch of vivid color. It is the sort of thing Mr. Abbey can do best. The figures are graceful, the quality of the white wall, cool in the shadow, warm in the sunlight, is carefully studied and well rendered. But the composition is weak, the effect is scattered. Mr. Abbey should have a look at the beautiful Ver Meer, now in the Guildhall show, for a reminder that there are certain "unities" to be respected as absolutely in a picture as in a play.

The usual Academical exercises abound: the familiar arrangement of blue sea, white marble, and women in classic draperies by Sir Laurence Alma Tadema; the studied nymphs in studied landscapes by Mr. Waterhouse, decorative in intention, labored in effect; the refined, delicately painted interior by Mr. Orchardson, this time Reynolds's studio, the interest unfortunately concentrated on Mrs. Siddons, who stands in the foreground, her awkward arms outstretched (the only ugly lines in the composition), her white draperies breaking in cruelly upon the quiet color scheme. And so I might go on through the list, ending with the inevitable sentimental young lady of Mr. Marcus Stone, and the handkerchief-box beauties of Mr. Frank Dicksee. But there is really nothing of note.

The landscapes are scarcely better. One by Mr. Bertram Priestman at the New Gallery, a peaceful pastoral bathed in golden summer light, is full of the repose that is the charm of the work of the French Romanticists, of whom Mr. Priestman is a direct descendant. But at the Academy Mr. Clausen and Mr. Stott, to whom one always looks for whatever pleasure one finds in that big hodge-podge of poor work, are curiously uninteresting. A large picture of the Château Gaillard, by Mr. Alfred East, is composed with something of dignity and stateliness; but then so fine a subject composes itself, and a painter would have to go out of his way to spoil it. Indeed, I can find nothing more, if I except a little painting of the mountains in the Tyrol in autumn by Mr. Adrian Stokes—a few trees of pale gold in relief against the deep blue of the distant hills, with so little light and atmosphere that the picture seems merely a decorative pattern, a pretty mosaic of color.

But this landscape and a larger one by Mr. David Murray are the most talked-about pictures of the year. For a good reason, they have just been purchased by the Chantrey Trustees, and are destined to be hung in the Chantrey collection at the Tate Gallery. As a rule, the purchase of pictures by the Chantrey Trustees causes but little comment. Artists shrug their shoulders, and think it a pity that the president, treasurer, and council of the Royal Academy, to whom the selection is entrusted, should have such poor taste in these matters as to prefer the work of the members of their own Academy and their friends, and thus saddle the nation with a collection of modern pictures that could do honor to no gallery. That there is any remedy for the evil never occurs to most of the few people who give the Chantrey collection a thought. Judging by the selection of pictures, they naturally conclude that Chantrey left his money partly as a sort of benevolent fund, at the disposal of the Academy for the benefit of Academicians and the encouragement of young men and women of promise. They would also conclude from the methods of the trustees, that only the work of British artists was eligible, and, moreover, their work only when exhibited at the Academy in the year of its completion. It is true that every now and then a public protest has been made, and it has been pointed out that the trustees, though no doubt unintentionally, were hardly administering the fund as the terms of Chantrey's will show, that Chantrey wished it to be administered. But the Academicians "sat tight," a safe policy in England, and the storm has always blown over. This year, however, there has been a return to the charge at the most timely of moments.

Just a week or so before the Academy opened, Mr. D. S. MacColl, the distinguished art critic, published in the *Saturday Review* a serious, strong, but temperate article, simply stating the terms of Chantrey's will, and then calling attention to the manner in which the trustees have carried them out. Chantrey, who died in 1841, left a large fortune, the income, after certain legacies were arranged for—between two and three thousand pounds a year—to go to his wife during her lifetime, or until her second marriage in case she married again, and after that to be devoted to the "encouragement of British fine art in painting and sculpture only." This "encouragement" was to take the practical form of purchase of examples of the two arts mentioned, these works to be placed in some public gallery. The testator made the special condition that they were to be of "the highest merit," whether already executed or to be executed, by artists of any nation, provided these artists had resided in Great Britain during the execution and completion of such works. They might be by deceased artists, and he made no time limit. But he again repeated that the painting and sculpture must be of "the highest merit" that can be obtained for liberal prices, and the president and the council, though the selection is in a measure left to their discretion, must have "regard solely to the intrinsic merits of the works in question, and not permit any feeling of sympathy for an artist or his family, by reason of his or their circumstances or otherwise, to influence them." In a word, what Chantrey wanted was clearly as fine a collection of pictures and statues, of necessity chiefly modern, as could be obtained in Great Britain.

And now, what is the Chantrey collection? Mostly British, as any one who has been to the Tate Gallery knows; and, more than this, mostly British of the most Academic type. Indeed, the collection is practically a permanent Royal Academy. In the large majority of cases preference has been given to members of the Royal Academy, to those who are about to become members (so that purchase by the Chantrey trustees usually is accepted as a prelude to election to the Academy), and to exhibitors in the Academy. The purchases did not begin until 1877, after the death of Chantrey's widow; and the first year, a picture by a "deceased artist"—a now forgotten artist—Hilton by name, was bought. This, if I am not mistaken, is the one exception. But even of those living artists who come within the conditions of the will, the collection can by no stretch of imagination be thought to include examples of "the highest merit." Ford Madox Brown and the pre-Raphaelites, Rossetti, Millais, and Holman Hunt, were all living after 1877, but, though their work has such historical as well as artistic importance in the history of painting in Great Britain, Millais alone is represented, and that only by a late picture which intelligent critics must agree is not worthy of him. Fred Walker, Mason, and Pinwell, who were so essentially British in their art, and who were painters of some distinction, though not masters, have no place. Neither has Burne-Jones. Alfred Stevens has received no recognition, nor has Mr. Alfred Gilbert, much the most distinguished sculptor to-day in England. Whistler, Fantin-Latour, Legros, Matthys Maris, Degas, Dalou, even Claude Monet, satisfy Chantrey's conditions, but in the Chantrey collection you will look for them in vain. And when it comes to British painters now at work, I simply have not space to point out all the artists who have been passed over in favor of second-rate Academicians and exhibitors in the Academy.

Worse still is the price that is paid, though on the Continent, especially in France, the artist accepts the honor of a place in a national collection as a part, and a very important part, of the payment. There are instances of the pictures of Academicians being bought for one thousand or two thousand pounds, when equally large and still better canvases by the same men have gone for a few hundreds to private buyers or in the auction room—in one case for even less than two hundred pounds. Facts and figures are unanswerable arguments, and Mr. MacColl's article, appearing just when it did, naturally has made some little stir in the art world. The president and treasurer and council of the Royal Academy alone have remained unconcerned. They proceeded promptly to buy two not very good examples of two not particularly distinguished painters who are both already represented in the Chantrey collection—though Mr. Whistler and Mr. Alfred Gilbert have not yet been found worthy; they also bought sculpture by an Academician who I venture to say is not known even by name in America, and a recently elected Associate who, like the two painters, has already been honored by the trustees. It is generally felt that such a selection, following close upon Mr. MacColl's article, is something in the nature of a defiance to the artistic opinion of the country outside the Academy. The matter is being taken up in different quarters. The London papers are occupying themselves with it. The Academicians, up to the present moment of writing, are still "sitting tight." But it is no wonder that a great deal more interest has been excited in the administration of the Chantrey bequest than in the most mediocre Academy held for many years. N. N.

Correspondence.

UNIONISM AND MOB RULE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have been greatly interested lately in the revolt and searchings of heart of certain skilled workmen of my acquaint-

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ance against and about unionism. This Terror, born of prosperity, is just beginning to make itself felt as a power in this little town. The men of whom I speak, intelligent, well read, past masters in their several handicrafts, have been earning a generous living and raising themselves steadily by their superior industry and capacity. In the hardest of times they were engaged weeks ahead and felt their future a safe and bright one; but now, when golden harvests show on every side, the ground is being cut from under their feet. Pressure is being put upon them to join the union—pressure so insidious and all-pervading that, while struggling, they feel that they must ultimately yield, and then good-by to their independence, their hopes of the future. The unions here, as so frequently occurs, are managed by windbags, incapable of doing an honest day's work, but clever at throwing the dust of many flattering words into the eyes of the masses; the serious workmen being too busy by day to waste their energies in club meetings and talk by night. And these sturdy, capable men, who have made it the pride of their life to be able to do the work of two ordinary workmen, will be at the beck and call of men they scorn, only allowed to work when and where the others please, with their earnings cut short and their output limited at the caprice of the least skilful of their fellow-slaves.

The problem of the unions and the problem of our city governments present the same general features. We must either elevate the masses or be dragged down by them. The city governments are controlled in the last resort by a majority of citizens blankly ignorant of all principles of economics and the accumulated experiences of other cities and States, who are led by the most specious demagogue that tries to cajole them out of their votes by promises impossible of fulfilment; and of the really debased, who sell their votes as a matter of course to the highest bidder. The unions are controlled by a majority composed of the ignorant and misled workmen as above, and by the incapable and worthless workman, who hopes, by the simple process of interdicting his able associates, to get pay for work which he cannot or will not do properly.

The leaven which is to leaven the whole lump cannot be expected to do its work unless it be intimately mingled with it, and by its normal reaction work up the whole mass into a useful and valuable product. It is by sacrifice that the world moves forward. The worker in a settlement in the slums, with all his senses outraged and at times half-broken-hearted over the seemingly hopeless task, in a few years sees the air clearing about him, and sunlight and hope filtering in. The skilled workman, bullied and insulted by a worthless loafer who calls himself a walking delegate, will yet, if he patiently teaches better things both in workmanship and in moral standards, be able to chisel out of the present societies of men who have renounced their birthright of freedom and self-respect and the pursuit of happiness, a union that will serve its members instead of enslaving them, and help them to higher standards of efficiency and public service, which is in simple truth the workingman's service.

M. C.

Santa Barbara, Cal., May, 1903.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TAKU FORTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The point raised by Dr. Griffis in his note in your issue of the 28th of May is interesting and important. It does seem strange that Admiral Kempff's refusal to join the allies in the attack upon the forts at Taku June 17, 1900, should not have elicited any word of official approval from the United States, especially since the opinion has been so prevalent that his act secured for us special favor in conducting negotiations with China. An explanation which would seem to be probable may be found in the theory that, upon more fully viewing the circumstances, the United States Government had occasion to regret his act.

As my experiences at that time gave me some original information in the matter, allow me briefly to relate some of them. I had returned to Peking, on the 25th of May, from an extended trip into the interior, where I had seen many indications of the activity of the Boxers. That afternoon there was a large meeting of the Oriental Society in Peking, at which many of the most influential diplomats were present to discuss the situation. Not one of them had any serious fears of impending calamity. On the 26th of May I left Peking for Tientsin on what proved to be the last train out of the city. On the 27th the revolution broke out; on the 28th the railroad was destroyed and communication with Peking was cut off. There were no foreign soldiers in Tientsin except twenty-five English guards. On the 29th, Minister Conger telegraphed for a guard of marines, but the Chinese Governor ordered that no foreign troops should be allowed to land. About midnight, however, 100 marines, who had evaded the forts, came up to Tientsin, where previously 50 Japanese soldiers had done the same. On the 30th of May we left Tientsin and found thirteen foreign men-of-war anchoring outside the bar of Taku, six of which were Russian. There we learned that the Russians had attempted to send two or three hundred soldiers to Tientsin, but had been turned back by the commandant of the fort.

The situation is readily understood. The allies distrusted either the ability or the willingness of the Chinese Government to suppress the Boxers and protect the members of the legations and other foreigners who were in Peking and Tientsin. If attention had been paid to the dilatoriness of Chinese diplomacy, it was clear to those who knew most about the situation that the delay caused would lead to a universal massacre. The assassination of Baron von Ketteler intensified this feeling. I think now there is no doubt in the minds of any well-informed person that hesitation at this point would have been fatal, and that there was really no other course to be pursued to save the lives of the foreign population but to capture the forts and proceed to the rescue. If that was equivalent to a declaration of war, it did not differ materially from the act of the United States in sending marines to Tientsin on the last of May by stealth. At any rate, the United States accepted the act of the allies in capturing the forts, with all its consequences, and joined without hesitation in the efforts to relieve the legations at Peking. Having done so, it is difficult to see how they officially could approve the mistaken judgment of their commander who had stood aloof from the attack. Nor do I believe that the action of Admiral Kempff has had influence in securing the good will of the Chinese Government for the United States. That, more likely, comes from the fact that we have had so little to do with China, and have not been implicated in aggressions upon her rights and territory, as European nations generally have been.

G. Frederick Wright.

Oberlin, O., May 29, 1903.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The annual meeting of the Council of the Archæological Institute of America was held in New York in the board room of the Equitable Life Assurance Society on Saturday, May 9. About forty councillors and other members were present, representing the societies in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago, as well as the State societies of Connecticut and Missouri. The managing committees of the Schools in Rome and at Athens had met in the same room on the two preceding days. The day was devoted chiefly to the consideration of the reports of officers and of the chairmen of the managing committees of the schools in Athens, Rome, and Palestine. The reports of the President, Prof. John Williams White of Harvard University, and of the Secretary, Prof. Francis W. Kelsey of the University of Michigan, indicated satisfactory progress during the past year. The affiliated societies now number thirteen, and the membership of the Institute had reached the total of eleven hundred and sixty-three at the time of the meeting of the Council. The net increase in membership for the year was one hundred and eleven; half of this gain came from the formation of a new society at Pittsburgh, which has been established under exceptionally favorable auspices.

Requests were brought before the Council for authorization to organize affiliated societies in the Far West, and the Secretary was requested to make a tour as far as the Pacific Coast next winter in the interest of this work. A State Society will be organized immediately in Colorado, which will probably undertake, as one aspect of its activity, to assist in devising means for the preservation of the many relics of prehistoric life in that State; according to current reports, the cliff dwellings are being rapidly destroyed. The organization of affiliated societies in several Eastern cities is also under consideration. On account of the amount of work thus devolving upon the Secretary, the Council, on the recommendation of the Executive Committee, voted to establish the office of Associate Secretary, and invited Prof. Mitchell Carroll of the Columbian University to accept the new responsibility.

To judge from the reports of the chairmen of the managing committees, increasing usefulness and brighter financial prospects are the order of the day in the different schools. Professor West mentioned the substantial gift of $2,500 a year for four years to the current funds of the School in

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Rome, from Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan; and stated that subscriptions to the permanent endowment fund now amount to $64,750. Prof. J. R. Wheeler, for the School at Athens, reported an increase of about $6,000 in its permanent endowment fund, besides subscriptions to an architectural fellowship. Funds are badly needed, however, to complete the excavations at Corinth. The work already done has won the praise of foreign scholars, and it will be a reproach to us if means are not forthcoming to carry the excavations to a successful close.

The report of the work of Mr. A. M. Tozzer, travelling Fellow of the Institute in American Archæology, was of special interest. He has mastered the Maya language in Yucatan, which he finds practically identical with the speech recorded by the early Spanish priests in the same region; and he is now trying to solve the vexed problems connected with the origin of the monuments in the Maya country.

After many years of valuable service, notable especially for the successful conduct of the excavations in Eretria and Corinth, Prof. Rufus B. Richardson retires from the directorship of the School at Athens, and Prof. Theodore Woolsey Heermance of Yale University succeeds him as director, on a five-year appointment. Prof. Richard Norton has been reëlected Director of the School in Rome, also for a period of five years. Prof. L. B. Paton of the Hartford Theological Seminary succeeds Professor Barton of Bryn Mawr College as annual director of the American School in Palestine.

Prof. John Williams White, who has served as President of the Institute for seven years with distinguished success, insisted upon retiring from the office; and Prof. Thomas Day Seymour of Yale University was elected President in his stead. President White's tenure of office has been characterized by high ideals, business-like methods, and a progressive policy. Under his administration the membership has been nearly quadrupled; the system of lectures before the Affiliated Societies has been inaugurated and developed to a high degree of effectiveness; the financial resources of the Institute have been enlarged, and its prestige much enhanced. The national character of the organization has been increasingly emphasized, and the foundations have been laid for even more extensive activities in the future.

Professor White is fortunate in his successor. Professor Seymour is also a veteran in the service, and his long experience as chairman of the managing committee of the School at Athens, from which he retired two years ago, will be of great value in the work of the Institute. C.

COEDUCATION IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For the past few years there has hardly been a more thoughtful, condensed restatement of the problem of coeducation than that of "R. O." in the *Nation* of April 2. He views it from the standpoint of the college. It may be of interest, perhaps of value, to show how some of his more significant conclusions apply to secondary schools when the pupils are correspondingly four years younger than those he had in mind.

As in his case, it may in mine be worth while to state my opportunities for study of the matter. Up to my entry into college, I went to a country school with the boys and girls of the neighborhood, the sexes classed and instructed together, but seated on opposite sides of the room when possible. Outside of the walls, they naturally drifted apart, the boys engaging in the rougher games common to the open air and unlimited space. My collegiate and university training was in the institutions for men alone. For several years I have taught in a large coeducational high school in one of the important cities of this country. There are now some 700 pupils and 25 teachers, more than two-thirds of each being females.

In the following use of two of "R. O.'s" deductions I have drawn not only on my experience but on that of my colleagues, including in the second case all of the instructors, all of the years, and all of the subjects:

(1.) His positive conviction that the mixture of the sexes has no influence on the manners or morals, for better or for worse, of boys or girls, does not agree with observations here, so far as behavior in the room is concerned. All three conditions at one time obtained here—boys' classes, girls' classes, and mixed classes; the last largely predominating. As to discipline, the boys' classes were the worst, the girls' classes best, but none bad. Finally, all classes were mixed, with undoubted improvement among the boys' classes. I do not touch upon the grave apprehensions of some that the boys may be feminized under this process.

(2.) "R. O." is overwhelmingly endorsed as to finding the most capable student in nearly every class a boy. Only one teacher here, a woman, testified to such leaders being girls, and she had to modify her statement as to one room. Four others declared for girls in half or a majority of their classes, while the bulk of the teachers were as unhesitating in declaring for a boy in all (or mainly all) cases as "R. O." himself. This trend of opinion is the more remarkable when the disproportion of sex is considered. Besides, the reluctance of several of the women teachers to vote against their sisters was very evident.

As with "R. O.," several are on the fence about the wisdom of coeducation, with a tendency among some (men and women) as they get older to favor it less and less. It does seem worth discussion and inquiry whether that is a general inclination among coeducational teachers.

Several of the women teachers almost scornfully reject any intimation of sex in the intellect, a thing that "R. O." seems doubtful about. But isn't it irresistible logic that there must be sex in the intellectual, moral, and spiritual spheres? All these spring from and are inextricably interlaced with the physical. It is impossible to draw a line between them and their material foundation. If, then, there is such marked difference in the sexes physically, isn't it inevitable that there must be some difference in those higher forms of development?

"R. O." puts his trust for a proper solution of the problem in more data to be gathered in the next generation or so, but apparently the evolution of educational branches seems likely to expound the riddle before that time. Manual and technical training promises to open a broad path that substantially none will travel but boys. Side by side may be corresponding instruction for girls in the distinctive feminine occupations of housekeeping and ornamental callings. The two may be under the same roof, but that will be the only union between them. A manual school lately opened here has greatly cut down the attendance of boys at the coeducational culture high schools. There is a spontaneous preference on the part of many boys for a boys' school. This feeling, coupled with the aim of learning something practical, will largely explain the popularity of the new manual institutions. With ample educational provision for all the aspirations of both sexes, all doubt about coeducation will be removed in the most infallible way, by the unanswerable test of actual practice, with perfect freedom of choice among those most affected, the boys and the girls themselves.

"B. C."

May 29, 1903.

Notes.

One more revision of Bryan's 'Dictionary of Painters and Engravers,' with five hundred new biographies and with illustrations, is announced for September by Macmillan Co. This may well suffice for the next dozen years remaining of the century since the work first appeared (1816).

A quarto volume on 'Denmark, Norway, and Sweden,' by William E. Curtis, with numerous illustrations, is in the press of the Saalfield Publishing Co., who also promise Æsop's Fables in rhyme by Prof. Richardson D. White.

'Cheerful American,' short stories by Charles Battell Loomis, will shortly appear with Henry Holt & Co.'s imprint.

The ever busy class of librarians is taking on a new voluntary task—that of cooperation in a series of monographs planned by the Librarian of Congress, "forerunners to a general history of American libraries." The common scheme proposed for them may be found in the May issue of the *Library Journal*, together with the names of the several writers who will relate the history of libraries in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, etc., etc. The editor of the series is Mr. W. Dawson Johnston, who takes for his province Washington, D. C.

In the coming autumn, B. G. Teubner (Leipzig and Berlin) commences the publication of the first part of a new encyclopædia, 'Die Kultur der Gegenwart.' The editor, Professor Paul Hinneberg, has secured the services of collaborators like Adolf Harnack, Friedrich Paulsen, Julius Wellhausen, W. Windelband, William Wundt, Wilhelm Dilthey, Erich Schmidt, Ulrich von Willamowitz-Moellendorf, H. Oldenberg, Konrad Burdach, Hermann Paul, Karl Bücher, Gustav Schmoller, Adolf Wagner, Franz von Liszt, and others, each in his special field. The work will make four volumes, and will consist of two main divisions broadly representing mental and natural science. Its publication will be completed not later than the autumn of 1906.

The two latest volumes in the Dent-Macmillan edition of Thackeray's prose

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are 'The Book of Snobs' and 'From Cornhill to Cairo,' both containing several minor pieces, and both edited as heretofore by Walter Jerrold and illustrated by C. E. Brock. In the latter collection are to be found the wonderfully inept Titmarshian description of the second funeral of Napoleon—a lost opportunity if there ever was one—and the review of Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' chiefly scissors work. These examples are more interesting as human documents than the title papers.

Parts IV. and V. of "Representative Art of Our Time" (The Studio Library, John Lane) call for little comment additional to that made on the first three parts. The best of the plates is an etching of Amboise, by D. Y. Cameron, in Part IV., and the next best another etching of the Bridge of St. Martin, Toledo, by Joseph Pennell, in Part V.

Lemcke & Buechner are the New York agents for "Hundert Meister der Gegenwart in Farbiger Wiedergabe" (Leipzig: E. A. Seemann), of which three parts have been sent us. Each part contains five rather gaudy color-reproductions of works by modern German painters, which we cannot find inspiring.

Five hundred and fifty years ago there was a worthy gentleman of France called the Chevalier de La Tour Landry. And this knight, having lost his wife, whom he loved greatly, for love of her would not marry again, but set all his heart upon his two daughters, to bring them up fairly and virtuously that they might be loved of God and honored of men. So to this end he made for them a book inculcating piety, courtesy, charity, humility, and fair behavior, and enforcing his teachings by many stories and ensamples of good and evil women, that by reading therein they might learn to be noble ladies according to the best ideal (and it would be hard to find a better) of the fourteenth century. This book, translated by Caxton into delightful fifteenth-century English, is given us in abridged form, by Miss (or Mrs.) Gertrude Burford Rawlings, with an editorial note and sufficient glossary. The paper, type, and illustrations in fifteenth-century style, are a delight to the eye. The only criticism we have to make is this, that as the editor did not prepare the text for scholars but for the general public, a few phrases that savor too much of fourteenth-century frankness might have been veiled, out of deference to twentieth-century squeamishness. The book is called 'The Knight of the Toure,' and is published by George Newnes, London (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons).

Volume III. of 'The Philippine Islands, 1493-1803' (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.) contains translations of some thirty documents covering the period 1569-1576. Most of these are related in some way with the first conquest of Manila in 1570, and with its permanent occupation and the establishment of the seat of Spanish government in Luzon in 1572. It is interesting to note how this evidence all points to the possession by the Tagalogs of a more advanced state of agriculture, government, etc., as well as a greater initiative, at the coming of the Spaniards than the other tribes had. Already at this early date the controversy between the friars and Spanish civil authorities begins to outline itself, and we find Father Martin de Rada protesting in 1574 to Governor Guido de Lavezares (successor to Legaspi, who died in 1572) against the levy of excessive tribute on the natives in the form of gold-dust, cotton cloth, wax, rice, etc. In this early controversy the right was nearly all on the side of the fathers. The answer to De Rada by the dozen leading Spanish captains then in the islands, most of whom had received "encomiendas" (divisions of territory and people), is an interesting exposition of exploitation as it was in 1574. They defended the tribute on various grounds (the one in reserve being their need of the proceeds), finally saying that the natives resist the tribute because they "make it a point of honor to pay only when forced." They add naïvely: "They like to be compelled to do so." We find the Spanish Government forbidding these "encomiendas" in 1574. Volume III. contains reproductions of a painting representing the landing of the Spaniards at Cebú in 1565, and of a portrait of Father de Rada; also, a map of Legaspi's first landing-place and a reduced facsimile of an old map of Asia, in Ortelius's 'Theatrum Orbis Terrarum.'

'American Diplomacy in the Orient,' by John W. Foster (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is, as the author says, "a brief history of the diplomatic intercourse of this Government with the Orient," to facilitate "a correct estimate of the policy which has controlled the American people in their contact with the countries in that quarter of the globe." The Turkish Empire and Persia are omitted. The book is written *currente calamo* by a lawyer who has had a good deal of experience in the international field, but we do not know that it throws much new light on the subject, or indeed gives us any greater means than we had before of forming a correct estimate of our Oriental policy. To convince others, one must be convinced himself; and the limits of Mr. Foster's convictions are those of a cheerful opportunism. "The hopeful citizen must believe that the system of government and the wisdom of its public men will be equal to the emergency and the responsibilities." Obviously anybody who must believe this will always be satisfied with the results. The book contains in a condensed form a good deal of information for which we usually have to go to encyclopædias; and in this lies its chief value.

It was only just before Christmas that Archbishop Temple died, but Mr. Charles H. Dant has already compiled a biography of him, which is published in London by the Walter Scott Company, and imported here by Charles Scribner's Sons. It takes particular notice of the Archbishop's connection with the west of England, and is mainly anecdotal. Theologians of High and Broad Church alike will read with wonder Mr. Dant's statement that Dr. Temple, when Bishop of Exeter, "wished for the different classes in the church to be linked together firmly and with continuity, from the child fresh from the baptismal font to himself, the head of the diocese, who in turn carried on the linking process to the Archbishop, he to the Crown, and the Crown to the Godhead."

In the Rev. Fletcher Moss's 'Pilgrimages to Old Homes,' mostly on the Welsh border, a gossiping chronicler, who is his own publisher at the Old Parsonage in Didsbury, England, and whose pages reflect a genial and unconventional nature, leads us to ruined abbeys, old manor houses, picturesque villages, and indeed to any out-of-the-way place, provided only that it have a flavor of antiquarian interest and be not too far from the Welsh border. Entertaining his talk is, always, even though it be inconsequential and discursive. If it were not for his strong sense of humor, the personal note so constantly maintained would become tiresome; as it is, one not only puts up with it, but soon thinks it amusing. The value of the book is much enhanced by its abundant illustrations, which show us innumerable old dwellings, from modest cottages to castles, for the most part half-timbered and delightfully unhackneyed. Here and there a landscape gives some idea of the rolling borderland, where quiet streams creep under low arched bridges, and where ivy mantles the walls of ruined towers. One on whom this hurrying century lays a heavy hand, may find it hard to adapt his mental gait to a literary method of such ample leisure, but the book will afford many a happy hour's entertainment to those who care for the quiet of a remote English village.

The Rev. W. E. Griffis's 'Young People's History of Holland' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) adds another to this prolific author's already respectable list of books on the history of the Dutch people. The present volume is a narrative history of Holland from the earliest times to the coronation of Queen Wilhelmina. It is printed on good paper, in large type, and accompanied by twenty-four very good illustrations. The story is told simply, and, for the most part, clearly and interestingly, in a style commonly supposed to be adapted to the understanding of "young people." The book will undoubtedly have the same success that Mr. Griffis's other books for the same class have had. If it is necessary, however, to be strictly accurate in this kind of work, the author has laid himself open to criticism. When chronicling mere external history he is successful enough, but his treatment of institutions reveals some curious misapprehensions, as when feudalism is, with great confidence, stated to be a "stage of progress" through which all people pass. The main criticism to be urged, however, is this: the reader will in general be confirmed in the idea, which probably has already been well fixed, that "Catholic" is synonymous with tyranny, bigotry, and retrogression; that "Protestant" is synonymous with liberty, toleration, and progress.

The name of Thomas Hodgskin is almost unknown to this generation, and it is improbable that the attention of many readers should be attracted to his works. We must say, however, that the essay by Élie Halévy (Paris: Société Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Édition), bearing the English philosopher's name as its title, would revive interest in his views if such revival were possible. It is not certain that Marx was familiar with Hodgskin's writings, but he adopted much of their theory; and their influence on modern economic thought is, as M. Halévy shows, considerable. Those whose studies take them in this direction may well read this interesting account of a thinker who, although forgotten, was perhaps intellectually the peer of Godwin, Malthus, Bentham, and Ricardo, of whose systems he was an acute critic.

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The Canadian Rockies, between the sources of the Athabasca and the Kicking Horse Pass, are the subject of the first two articles in the *Geographical Journal* for May. Dr. Norman Collie describes his explorations last summer in this region, which resulted in the barometrical determination of a number of heights, the discovery of a pass, and a considerable addition to the topographical knowledge of various outlying portions of the mountains. Professor Coleman of Toronto confines himself to an account of the Brazeau ice-field. Very different is the country of which Baron E. Nordenskiöld writes—"vast tablelands, snowclad fells, wild mountain valleys with luxuriant forests and enormous plains"—lying on the boundaries of Bolivia and Argentina. It is interesting not only for its natural features, but for its fossil mammals, its relics of a pre-Columbian culture, such as burial urns, arms, and ornaments. At one spot luminous insects were very numerous and showed great divergence in luminosity. "For instance, there was an elateride caterpillar, the head emitting a red light, while each segment was provided with two spots which, like the final segment, emitted a green light. The red glow was constant, the green interrupted at intervals." In an appreciative notice of Mr. Balch's 'Antarctica,' Dr. H. R. Mill, while not accepting fully all its statements, says that "Mr. Balch has done a patriotic service, and also a service to science, in setting out the real achievements of Charles Wilkes."

M. V. O'Shea, in the May number of the *American Journal of Sociology*, brings a scientific argument to bear against the present tendency to shorten the college course. It is the application of the doctrine developed by John Fiske and others that the advancement of the human species over other forms of animal life is due largely to the relatively long period of unripeness in the human individual. To throw the college student into the struggle for life a year or two earlier is to cut short his period of plasticity, and hence to lessen his probable contribution to the forward movement of the race. The general reduction of the period of plasticity means a deadening of civilization at the head. In the interest of progress, therefore, those in authority in our educational institutions should seek means not to shorten but rather to lengthen that period of life in which the mind opens most readily to new ideas.

Of the two newly organized German societies for the investigation of the Orient, the Vorderasiatische Gesellschaft and the Orientgesellschaft, only the latter is engaged in excavations. The work in Babylon progressed so successfully under the leadership of the experienced Dr. Robert Koldewey that the Society has recently turned its attention to an entirely new field, the old Babylonian necropolis in Fara. The preliminary diggings by Koldewey and his chief assistant, Dr. Andrae, who have been working there with 160 men, have brought enough to light to show that good relics of the earliest periods may be expected. Nearly all of the utensils unearthed evidently belong to one period, and but few cuneiform inscriptions have been found. The finds indicate that the civilization of Fara belonged to a period between the stone and the bronze ages. In all probability the place was never inhabited, but was used only as a necropolis. The Vorderasiatische Gesellschaft confines its labors to the publication of special researches in its *Wissenschaftliche Mittheilungen*, and to popular expositions of the results of Oriental discoveries.

The universities and academies of Switzerland, especially those of the German cantons, continue to be the Mecca for the women students of central Europe. In these institutions during the past winter term the total enrolment of women was 1,503, or fully 50 per cent. greater than in all the German universities combined. This is all the more significant because the total student enrolment was only 5,415. Fully 75 per cent. of these women were foreigners, and among these the Russians greatly predominated, especially in the medical department.

German savants are agitating the organization of a "Sprach-Akademie" modelled after the French Academy, the intention being that this body shall be the last and final court of appeal in matters pertaining to the German language, and especially idiomatic purity, in view of the danger of corruption and distortion through the influence of foreign tongues. The details of the programme have not yet been published.

True to the occasion, Mr. F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, sends us a pleasing photographic portrait of Emerson, printed without glaze, from an untouched negative. The plate is large, about 13x16, and the bust figure is well set in this area. The poet is shown in post-meridian but not in senile aspect, with a genial, relaxed expression, quite unconscious of posing for the camera. The face is well lighted. The portrait is an excellent one for private hanging or for the wall of the schoolroom, church parlor, or other public place.

—Emerson's centenary will have no better celebration than the "Centenary Edition" of his works, two volumes of which now published (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) give good assurance of what the edition is to be in its appearance and the character of its annotations by Edward W. Emerson, who also writes a general introduction. Outwardly the books are very attractive, a little taller than the "Riverside" volumes; the pages carrying about the same amount of matter, the type of a different face, but quite as good. The binding is excellent in cloth, color and design. On each title-page a pine tree takes the place of the pine-tree branch of the "Riverside." The portrait is one of the best of Emerson's many, its date, 1854. The later volumes will not exhaust the list of those worth knowing. The introduction is conceived and executed in a happy manner with filial affection and delicate reserve. The only approach to elaboration is the treatment of Emerson's doctrine of Evolution, which found clear expression in the 'Nature' of 1836—not so clear, however, as many have supposed, seeing that the motto verses, "A subtle change," etc., were not appended to the first edition, but to the second, when in 1849 the first (of 500 copies) was at length entirely sold. The editor is plainer about this in his notes than in his sketch, which, but for the notes, would help perpetuate the general misunderstanding. There is no mention of that once famous book, 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,' in the account of Emerson's evolutionary ideas, and indeed it was published in the same year (1844) with the second volume of 'Essays' that contained the second 'Nature,' in which occurs Emerson's most elaborate expression of those ideas. But, if Chambers's book contributed nothing to Emerson's doctrine, it must have given it much valued, if not valuable, confirmation. Too much may easily be made of Emerson's evolutionary ideas. They were not Darwinian. Of natural selection they had no hint, and such a book as Professor Osborn's 'From the Greeks to Darwin' is convincing that evolution had many expositors before Emerson's day. Mr. Edward Emerson's notes upon his father's essays and addresses are admirable. They are never merely curious; they all have the stamp of use. They place quotations, relate the essays to other essays and unpublished matter, give cross-references to passages similar to those annotated in Emerson's journals, poems, and other essays, brighten forgotten reputations, correct mistakes, and furnish many illustrations, explanatory or confirmatory, of Emerson's ideas. They are a very real addition to the new edition, and would justify it if it had no other special recommendations.

—There have come to hand two volumes of Bell's 'Handooks of Continental Churches' (Macmillan). Their appearance in close succession leads one to hope that this series will be carried on with more vigor than of old. According to the latest list furnished by the publishers, only five volumes are now in print, although it is several years since we noticed the first one, which was devoted to the cathedral of Amiens. The new volumes are devoted to Notre Dame of Paris, and to the abbey and town of Mont Saint Michel-en-mer, that marvellous monastery and fortress which is set on the edge of the Norman coast like the wonderful jewel that it is. The two books are furnished by Charles Hiatt, who had contributed not less than four separate volumes to the English Cathedral Series and the accessory notices of abbeys and minsters, and by H. J. L. J. Massé, who has been equally diligent in this work. Both recognize, each in his own brief preface, that their work must be founded on the writings of archæologists and students of art who have gone before. In the case of Notre Dame, there are noticed the several works of Viollet-le-Duc in which the Paris cathedral is treated so much in detail, and lament is made that the British Museum does not contain a complete set of the works of that exceptional writer. Hoffbauer's 'Paris à travers les Âges' and Guilhermy's little book are also mentioned, and, for Gothic architecture in general, Professor Moore's 'Development of Gothic Architecture.' So, for the Abbey, there is mention of the several writers who have dealt with the group of buildings upon that isolated rock, though it seems odd that the rather satisfactory volume of Édouard Corroyer, devoted exclusively to Mont Saint Michel and fully illustrated, or the more recent work of Gout, should be mentioned only among the "numerous" writings named in a sweeping way. It must not be thought, however, that in the case of Mr. Massé's work there is any undue leaning upon his authorities. It is evident that the building has been carefully examined in all its parts—evident, too, that his sym-

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pathy was strongly awakened by the "marvels" of Mont Saint Michel; and that he has longed to explain its beauty and its varied charm to possible visitors as well as to distant readers. This perhaps has been done as well as could be done without a deliberate description, step by step, with plan and diagrams accompanying the text, referred to continually in the text, helping the text to the reader's full comprehension. Such description as that is hardly given. The account of the building is minute and detailed, and very good half-tone prints are as numerous as could be expected; but assuredly one must have a strong sense of the possibilities and probabilities of Romanesque and Gothic architecture if he is to bring away from the reading of this book, say in America, a clear sense of what the building is like.

. —Still more in the case of the Paris cathedral does the reader feel that the work might have been done better. Writing for Englishmen, Mr. Hiatt is continually comparing the French architectural design with that which his readers may be assumed to know more intimately. The student has a right to ask whether the book—whether all these books—are intended for the visitor to the building rather than for the distant student. If they are, then it is a question whether the straightforward guide-book does not do this kind of work better. Certainly a treatise upon the cathedral or the abbey like that which Gsel-Fels has devoted to many an Italian church would tell the traveller more about the building which he is in the way of examining on the spot.

—Mr. Marcus Dorman begins his 'History of the British Empire in the Nineteenth Century' (Lippincott) with a volume of four hundred pages, large octavo, which carries the reader no further than the death of Pitt. The real dates, however, are 1793-1805, for the author finds it necessary to go backward until he reaches the commencement of England's part in the wars of the French Revolution. Mr. Dorman concludes the present instalment of his work with two chapters on the intellectual and industrial progress of England during the period treated; but any distinctive value which his narrative may be said to possess arises from his account of politics and diplomacy. He has used the records of the Foreign Office and the Treasury to some purpose, and on the political side at least the text is well informed. We have, however, been impressed by the lack on Mr. Dorman's part of impartiality—we will not say of "robust impartiality," but of ordinary historical impartiality. Wherever there is question of England's relations with Napoleon, his utterances must be scrutinized very closely. For instance, he has read Mr. Rose's account of the share which the British Government had in Cadoudal's conspiracy against the First Consul, inasmuch as he quotes Mr. Rose in a note. "Mr. Holland Rose," he says, "has discovered evidence that 'some at least of our Admiralty officials also aided Cadoudal.'" But such a quotation by no means gives the reader a just idea of Mr. Rose's discoveries or conclusions. It is quite clear that important persons in the British public service were guilty of complicity in a plot to assassinate Bonaparte, and this fact was known at Paris. Mr. Rose, a really impartial writer, metes out severe reprobation to those concerned, and points out how Napoleon's mind was embittered during the whole subsequent course of the struggle with England by his recollection of such an episode. Our chief criticism of an unfavorable kind is that Mr. Dorman writes in a spirit which is less open-minded than could be wished. Our chief praise must be that he has a first-hand knowledge of the literature, both light and heavy, which lies closest to his subject. Without possessing any remarkable powers of style, he avoids dulness, and if his first volume is rather long for an introduction, it does not create the impression of being wilfully padded. It is in ordinary political narrative that he appears to best advantage. His disquisition on free trade and his criticism of Malthus are not very striking, nor do we see why he should have devoted a whole page to Beethoven. In conclusion, we may say that Mr. Dorman is rather fond of making broad statements. The book closes with the following passage, which furnishes a fair example of his style as a writer of generalizations: "This brief sketch of social life at the beginning of the nineteenth century shows that most of the customs, institutions, and modes of thought were much the same as now; and although some of the prejudices due to sects and classes have to a certain extent since been broken down, it is doubtful whether our present social system is not more a modification of old ideas than an earnest of the advent of new fundamental principles."

TWO PORTRAITS OF SHAKSPERE.

A New Portrait of Shakespeare: The Case of the Ely Palace Painting as against that of the so-called Droeshout Original. By John Corbin, author of 'An American at Oxford.' John Lane. 1903.

The latest discovered of the many "portraits" of Shakspere is the so-called Droeshout Original. The portrait which, next to this one, bears the greatest resemblance to the Droeshout engraving is that known as the Ely Palace portrait. Is either of these the original from which the engraving was made? If so, which? Mr. Corbin essays, in the volume before us, to show that "the so-called Droeshout Original is probably a fabrication, and that the Ely Palace painting is probably a life portrait." In our opinion he has fairly succeeded in proving the first contention, and has failed of proving the last.

There is absolutely no external evidence for the authenticity of either portrait, and any opinion as to the worthiness of either of them to represent the character of the great poet can only be personal and of no authority. Mr. Corbin thrice quotes Mr. Sidney Lee as saying that the features in the Ely Palace portrait "are of a far more attractive and intellectual cast than in either the Droeshout painting or engraving." Our own opinion, if it were worth anything, is that the Ely Palace portrait represents a somewhat mean and stupid type, with far less character and intellect than that of the engraving; but no such opinion is worth anything. There are only two kinds of tests which can be applied to these portraits or to any other of the many painted "portraits of Shakspere." The first deals with technical questions concerning the material on which the portrait is painted, the manner and handling, the possible amount of retouching and alteration, etc. Such tests require the utmost expert knowledge of seventeenth-century painting on the part of the person who applies them, and the most careful and minute examination of the painting itself. They can never give anything but negative evidence; they may prove a forgery, but cannot establish genuineness. Of a picture that should successfully pass them all, one could only say that it was probably of the seventeenth century and possibly a portrait of Shakspere. The other test deals with questions of the degree and kind of likeness between the portrait to be considered and the two certainly authentic portraits of Shakspere—the Droeshout engraving and the Stratford bust. For the application of these tests a general knowledge of art and the practical experience of a portrait painter are the most desirable qualifications, and the tests may be applied with due caution to photographs of the pictures, and with still more caution even to engravings of them. Having no access to the original paintings, and little competence to judge of the first kind of tests, we must accept the results of these tests at second hand. The second kind of test we can to some extent apply for ourselves to the reproductions given by Mr. Corbin.

It is regrettable that Mr. Corbin has relied upon wood-engraving for the reproduction of the portraits. He says of these engravings that they were "executed in the modern manner—that is, by throwing a photograph of the portrait on the engraver's block, a process that insures the utmost precision of detail"—but how little it does insure such precision is shown by his statement, immediately afterward, that the engraving of the Ely Palace portrait misrepresents the growth of the mustache and the hem of the collar. If the engraving is not to be trusted in such matters as these, how can it be trusted in the delicate matters of form and expression on which likeness and character depend? The frontispiece of the volume is a rather poor photogravure of this portrait, and it certainly gives a different impression from that conveyed by the wood-engraving. The latter has been filtered through the personality of the engraver, and one is left in doubt how far he has exercised his fancy on other things than the mustache and collar. Of the "Droeshout Original" we have only the wood-engraving.

That there is some connection between both these portraits and the Droeshout engraving is evident at a glance. The coincidences of pose, lighting, costume, etc., are too many to be the work of chance. Either of them may be the original of the engraving, or a copy from it, or a copy of the original at one or more removes. The so-called Droeshout Original resembles the engraving the more closely of the two, and, reversing Mr. Corbin's order, we shall dispose first of its claim. In discussing any of the portraits we may neglect all that is said about the color of hair and eyes. The Stratford bust, which is the only authority there ever was for these matters, must have been colored from verbal instructions, and has since been whitewashed and recolored. But every painter knows that the color of eyes and hair are such relative matters—so altered by lighting and surroundings and the scheme of the picture — that no two

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painters would make the same report, and probably no one painter on two occasions.

In his argument against the authenticity of the so-called "Original," Mr. Corbin relies mainly on two points. First, in the different states of the Droeshout engraving the mustache is gradually darkened and enlarged; the mustache in the painting is darker and larger than in any state of the engraving, and this would seem to indicate that the painting was copied from a late state of the engraving. Second, the costume is more ill-drawn in the painting than in the engraving; if the painting were the original, we should expect it to be less ill-drawn. The importance of the first of these points is somewhat minimized by the fact that local color was habitually neglected or subordinated by seventeenth-century engravers, and that an original painting would certainly show both hair and mustache of a darker tone than would an old engraving from it. The enlargement in size is more important, but seems hardly great enough to be decisive. As to the costume, the case is stronger. It is true that the painter may well have done what Mr. Corbin assumes that the engraver did—he may have spent most of his time on the features and merely indicated the general lines of the costume, from nature, completing it afterwards from memory, a not uncommon habit of portrait painters so late as Gilbert Stuart, who seldom painted more than the head from life, and who frequently made the body too small for the head, as it is in the case of this painting. The contention that the errors in the drawing of the costume could have been made only "at a time when Elizabethan costume was obsolete," seems disproved by the fact that Droeshout actually made them. Still, although Droeshout's skill seems to us far less contemptible than it has been thought, he was hardly a man to improve on his original, and the fact that the painting exaggerates the errors of the engraving is a probable indication that the painting, not the engraving, is the copy. As far as the woodcut enables us to judge, the head itself gives the same indication. It is less wooden than the old engraving, and, as Mr. Corbin says, "more like a human being," but it seems to us much less individual and characteristic. The features are, as it were, modernized and softened, but weakened at the same time. They show no measurable discrepancies, but they fail to give the sense of an immediate vision.

So much for the general artistic argument. The more strictly technical argument seems still more conclusive. The advocates of the genuineness of the portrait seem to have proved that the panel on which it is painted is of "old English elm"; but as they admit that there are traces of another portrait underneath this one, or at least of another costume, the age of the panel goes for nothing. The common habit of the eighteenth-century forger was to use an old portrait as the basis of his new Shakspere, and in view of that fact the argument that the painter of a life-portrait may have used an old panel is more ingenious than convincing. If he had done so, is it not probable that he would have *turned it upside down* to avoid confusion? Certainly that is what a modern painter would do. The inscription seems to be given up by every one, and the conclusions drawn by different observers from the style of painting are radically opposed. There remains a statement by Mr. Corbin himself which, if uncontradicted, should settle the matter. He says:

"Some of the worm-holes are clear cut, others seem painted round the edges. At least one (on the line of the right cheek-bone) had, according to my notes of 1896, been painted over; it was then discernible only because the paint had sagged into it. In 1901 the surface paint in this worm-hole had apparently been picked away."

Our conclusion is that the so-called Droeshout Original is a careful copy of the Droeshout print. It does not necessarily follow that it is one more, and the cleverest, of the eighteenth-century forgeries. It may possibly have been produced in the seventeenth century for some admirer of the great poet, who could exclaim with *Gullio*, in "The Returne from Parnassus," as quoted by Mr. Corbin on his title-page, "O sweet Mr. Shakspeare! I'le have his picture in my study."

The balance of opinion seems inclined to the view that the panel, the painting, and even the inscription of the Ely Palace portrait are old, though the last seems to have been partially restored, as have other parts of the work. The costume is much better drawn than in the Droeshout engraving, yet shows such a degree of error as might account for the greater faultiness of a hasty copy. The head, however, while showing a general resemblance to the engraving, differs markedly from it in several particulars, by no means all of which have been pointed out, though Mr. Lee considers the differences sufficiently great to "raise doubts whether the person represented can have been intended for Shakespeare." Mr. Corbin thinks that in the painting "the face—or at least the right cheek—is viewed from a point slightly more to the front" than in the engraving, and that this shifting of the point of view "alters the line of the cheek," eliminating the sharp drawing of the eye-socket and cheek-bone, while Mr. Frank Jewett Mather thinks that the same cause "explains the fact that the eyes appear to be too close together." We are inclined to think both these gentlemen mistaken. The whole head is smoothly oval, with a sort of mushiness of drawing which is by no means confined to the cheek-bone, and all the features are too near together. The left eye is, perspective considered, even nearer the nose than the right, and the upper lip is much shorter, while the chin is longer, heavier, and much farther forward than in the engraving. The smallness of the triangle formed by the eyes and mouth, compared with the vast, empty oval surrounding it, and especially the nearness to each other of the eyes, gives the head the mean and stupid character we have commented on.

As far as these differences between the two heads are definite and measurable, and apart from the general lack of accent in the painted head, there is nothing in their existence to show with certainty which of the two renderings is the nearer to life, or which is the more likely to be a copy of the other. We have, however, another portrait of Shakspere, second only in authority to the Droeshout engraving, the Stratford bust; and in those respects in which the Ely Palace portrait most differs from the engraving, it differs still more widely from the bust. In the engraving the eyes, instead of being close together, are rather noticeably wide apart; in the bust they are still farther separated. The engraving has a longish upper lip, which in the bust becomes so exaggerated that an accident to the nose has been invented to account for it. If either painting or engraving is copied from the other, it is evident that the one which more nearly resembles the only independent authority is more likely to be the original, and that the Ely Palace portrait cannot, therefore, be the original of the Droeshout print. Yet its relation to the print is obvious; the pose, costume and lighting, and several of the features being nearly identical. Mr. Corbin's conclusion from these facts is as follows:

"Granting that the Droeshout engraving may not have been taken from the Ely Palace portrait, it must have been taken from a portrait that in all essential points of features and costume was identical with it. Of all the painted portraits, accordingly, the Ely Palace portrait has the strongest claim to be regarded as a life portrait."

In our view it is just this substantial identity with the lost original of the print which proves that the painting is a copy. If a copy of the engraving, however, it is much less close than the so-called Original, and on that account all the likelier, perhaps, to be an *old* copy. The superior drawing of the costume might be taken to indicate that it is an old copy of the genuine original from which Droeshout worked; and that, in our opinion, is the utmost that can be claimed for it.

Finally, there are one or two points bearing on the whole controversy which, so far as we know, have not been noticed. It is well known that the human head is rarely symmetrical. On the other hand, lack of symmetry in a bust or painting may well result from poor drawing, and it is not very safe to reason from it. In both the authoritative portraits of Shakspere one eye is farther from the nose than the other; in the engraving it is the left eye, in the bust the right. This may be the result of carelessness and lack of skill, or it may indicate that the engraving is reversed. It does not seem inherently unlikely that Droeshout, working from an original of no artistic value—an unnamed original—should have done so in the easiest way, without reversing his drawing on the plate, and that the print from that plate should therefore be reversed. Many instances of such reversal by the engraver, even of important pictures, are known to exist. If a demonstrably old picture should ever be found, with the face turned to the (spectator's) right instead of to the left, but otherwise identical with the Droeshout engraving, it would, in our opinion, have a fairer title to be called the Droeshout Original than any that has heretofore been brought forward.

Whatever may be the worth of his results, Mr. Corbin has conducted his discussion with eminent fairness and scrupulous courtesy, and has produced an interesting and readable book, which his publishers have presented in an appropriate and pleasant dress. Apart from a confusion of dates on page 23 and the substitution of "slight" for "sight" on page 77, we have noted no signs of carelessness.

MORE NOVELS.

The Better Sort. By Henry James. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Sarah Tuldon. By Orme Agnus. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The Main Chance. By Meredith Nicholson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

La Fille du Braconnier. Par Achille Mélandri. Paris: Armand Colin.

Mr. Henry James's command of the art of writing short stories needs to-day no comment. Long ago he perceived what could be done in that form, passed through experimental stages, and arrived at extraordinary facility and assurance. To refer, therefore, to the technical merit of his latest volume, entitled 'The Better Sort,' is almost an impertinence, and excusable only as a reminder that beneath an elaborate ease of manner and an apparent negligence of issues there is a structure of steel, and a complete control of all the means essential for the production of the desired effect.

On the whole, there is little in the volume to strain the intelligence of those perverse persons who seem to read Mr. James only to complain that he is incomprehensible. Indeed, if it were possible for a writer so imperturbable to strive to placate those whom he could never hope to please, indications of such amiable intention are not wanting. The title itself suggests deference to popular opinion. Most of the tales begin promptly, and the endings are not irrationally ambiguous. Then there are people possessing stores of undiluted emotion moving with some impetuosity to a perceptible climax, and other people whose morals are more settled than those of the people whom "Maisie knew." The author, regarding the work as an unprejudiced outsider, may have concluded that this sort must be the better sort—*his* better sort, at all events. And a more positive intimation of sensibility to criticism appears in the tale entitled "The Beldonald Holbein," wherein the narrator exclaims in pathetical parenthesis: "It is not my fault if I am so put together as often to find more life in situations obscure and subject to interpretation than in the gross rattle of the foreground."

Fortunately, such concessions to the general (if concessions they be) need not disturb the enjoyment of those whose pleasure in Mr. James's work is almost in proportion to his withdrawal from the noisy foreground. In the tale entitled "The Story in It," Col. Voyt and Mrs. Blessingbourne talk about the novel of British and American manufacture, comparing it with that made in France. Though disagreeing vivaciously on several points, they agree that the novel written in English shows a sense of life comparable with that of children and kittens, and that our novelists are "poor twangers and twaddlers who remain outside, who pick up a living in the street." Mr. James has never been more securely and intimately inside. In spite of the presence of much admired natural emotions, the real spectacle provided is mental and spiritual fencing and skirmishing, with a play of attraction and repulsion, with approaches and retreats, doubts, discoveries, surprises, shocks—all that really does go on between people whose make-up is not primitive. Such a spectacle no other English-writing novelist has ever even dreamed of providing. For literary purposes Mr. James appears to be the discoverer of human relationships which don't immediately strike the eye, are not just simple and notoriously clear.

A recent critic who, with strange perversity or obliquity, persists in describing Mr. James as a photographer, speaks of his having "removed himself and his beautifully mounted camera bodily to the old country," and suggests that he did so because he wanted to delineate manners and could find in America none to delineate. It is probably true that he deliberately sought a society with manners, that is, unquestioned traditional ways of behaving, speaking, thinking, or even preserving intellectual vacancy; but he needed that society for the delineation of something more than manners, for the study of human relations neither simply beautiful and sacred nor simply gross and horrid. That he has come to find these relations fascinating in proportion to their delicacy and mystery, seems to us not a matter for reproof, but one furnishing occasion for complimenting his conscience and courage. Such situations and relations as those of "Broken Wings," "The Beast in the Jungle," "The Papers," are not undertaken and developed without an abundance of daring and patient resolution. To examine just these three tales is to be amazed at the display of an extensive and impartial observation of life, at the mastery of some dominant human motives with their thousand qualifications and modifications, and at the variety of capacity for brilliant representation. In "The Papers" the author enlarges his usual scope, and satirizes with much humor and some fierceness the modern mania for self-advertisement; and in the same tale he records a most touching instance of the sacrifice of self on the altar of love. The offer of Howard Bight (a born journalist) to give away his methods, his secret self, to Maud Blandy (a hopelessly aspiring journalist)—"For the Papers. Oh, for the Papers only"—and to get her a hundred pounds for the "copy," affects one as a tribute to the great passion little short of sublime.

Mr. James's scorn of the general rage for publicity shows again in "The Birthplace," a careful perusal of which might materially diminish the rush of tourists to overrun the earthly habitations of the mighty dead. The situation here is the appointment of one Morris Gedge to the position of warden of a shrine which had always figured to him "as the most sacred known to the steps of men, the early home of the supreme poet, the Mecca of the English-speaking race." Thereafter Gedge's sensitive soul is seen in conflict with his sense of duty as showman—a duty fervently urged by his wife, a weary woman, bent on keeping a roof over her head, no matter what the cost to her husband's sensibilities; Gedge's struggle, exquisitely delineated, ends in abject submission to duty and domestic tenderness, ends in his winning an international reputation for his eloquent discourses to the hateful, gaping, squawking crowd which he personally conducted up and down and over the shrine. From the picture of Gedge's joy when he got news of his appointment, sitting in the gray town library of Blackport-on-Dwindle, one may get a notion of the tragedy in his submission:

"The tears came into his eyes sooner still than into his wife's while he looked about with her at their actual narrow prison, so grim with enlightenment, so ugly with industry, so intolerable to any taste. He felt as if a window had opened into a great green woodland, a woodland that had a name, glorious, immortal, that was peopled with vivid figures each of them renowned, and that gave out a murmur, deep as the sound of the sea, which was the rustle in forest shade of all the poetry, the beauty, the color of life."

Alas, poor Gedge! All his life the victim of disappointment, the great misfortune was to get at last the very thing that if, given a choice, he might most have wished to take.

A novelist who takes for his background rural Wessex in the forties provokes an inevitable comparison. In 'Sarah Tuldon' we are introduced to the typical peasant family of Mr. Thomas Hardy. The heroine is the beautiful daughter of an ill-paid and drunken laborer handicapped by a querulous, incapable wife and countless younger children. All the elements of the D'Urberville *ménage* confront one at the outset. The scene is a country village near Dorchester—better known to fiction and to fame as "Casterbridge"; the dissolute young squire, who is an essential in every novel of country life since the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' bears the name of Alec, like his D'Urberville prototype, one is prepared for a thoroughgoing plagiarism. But though Mr. Agnus has taken no pains to invent new *dramatis personæ* for the stage-setting of Mr. Hardy, the development of the story is entirely original. Sally Tuldon, with all the external make-up of Tess, is a clever vixen who outwits even the squire, and her story goes to prove that a strong-minded woman who has her own way is a blessing, though often a blessing in disguise, to a whole village, not to say a countryside. The book is a complete and amusing apology for a shrew, and the taming in the sequel is left to the hand of time and is none too thorough. Sally Tuldon is all that Tess might have been had she owned a strong will. After reforming her family by dint of talking them down, she marries without his consent a well-to-do farmer, and reorganizes him and his. We are far from the philosophy and the tragic atmosphere of one of the original Wessex masterpieces, and we find in these pages no appreciation of the beauty of the country which, in its sombre as in its smiling aspect, touches the imagination of Mr. Hardy's readers. But there is much humor and force in 'Sarah Tuldon,' and, while the dialogue of the laborers of Wessex is not so memorable as that of Mr. Hardy, it is probably somewhat nearer to the early Victorian reality.

'The Main Chance,' since the leading characters naturally keep an eye on it, is a title that will fit any novel of commerce. The present instance is admirably adapted for the strenuous idleness of the business man for whose recreation this new type of literature is apparently intended. A trolley-car adorns the cover, the hero is the receiver of a traction company, the villain a bank cashier, and the final tragedy is precipitated by the latter's weakness in selling two hundred shares of traction stock to the wrong man. When we add that the only son of the chief citizen of Clarkson is abducted in a buggy and held for a princely ransom in a deserted house whither he is tracked by the hero, it will be seen that few of the in-

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teresting features of life in "a trans-Missouri State" have been omitted. The heroine has more character than is usually allowed her in the novel of commerce. She is a graduate of Smith; but, the author having made this concession to the modern young woman, hastens to assure us that she hardly had a bowing acquaintance with her studies and was on bad terms with the faculty; in short, her four years in the East merely modified her accent to suit the taste of the hero from Boston. Evelyn does, in fact, display an ineptitude for the simplest matters of business, which convinces one that she had great feminine charm. The book is written in forty-seven short and stirring chapters; the characters are well drawn, and the style is vigorous; but it will not "take tired people to the Islands of the Blest," which are unknown to the geography of the novel of commerce.

The French, as a rule, are saved from sentimentality by the keen and clear intelligence which is their most conspicuous endowment; but when a Frenchman writes "pour les jeunes filles," it is quite another story. In 'La Fille du Braconnier' a prolific writer, M. Mélandri, contributes another volume to the library of fiction that may be read by a French girl in the interval between her convent-school and her wedding-day. An English or American girl of any age would be profoundly bored by the tears and agitation, the touching coincidences, the wholly unconvincing incidents which in the end land the poacher's daughter in affluence in the very château whose demesne her father used to poach. The tale is redeemed from absolute mawkishness by a spirited account of the battle of Waterloo. "Le respect dû à nos lectrices," to quote the writer's phrase, ought naturally to bar out the ordinary tone and setting of the modern French novel. But the intelligence too has its claims, and one can only pity the "jeune fille" who in her teens is nourished on the "Girl's Own Paper" style of fiction while her English-speaking contemporary is reading Meredith and Hardy and Stevenson. It is rare, indeed, to find the latter after this liberal allowance declining, like her French cousin in later years, on the novels of Bourget and Prévost.

Across Coveted Lands. By A. Henry Savage Landor. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903. 2 vols. 175 illustrations, diagrams, plans, and maps. Pp. viii., 462, viii., 460.

Voyages au Maroc (1899-1901). Par Mis de Segonzac. Avec 178 photographies . . . une carte . . . et des appendices, politique, astronomique, météorologique, botanique, entomologique, numismatique, géographique. Paris: Armand Colin. 1903. Pp. xii., 410.

Mr. Landor's would be an extremely interesting record of Persian travel—Persia being the coveted land in question—if it could excite any trust in its accuracy. As the case stands, the numerous excellent photographs are its only confidence-arousing element. For the rest, Mr. Landor, by his attitude towards other travellers and authorities, and by his own vagueness on essential points, produces an unfortunately amateurish and unsatisfactory impression. Neither his attacks on Major Sykes nor his more general fulminations against official maps and geographical societies will go to help his own geographical standing. Independence of attitude and freedom from conventional opinions are excellent things in a traveller, but persistent captiousness and a parading of such different views can only remind of Sir Richard Burton on his weakest side. Yet Burton, however wrongheaded and bullheaded he might seem, could always base his dicta on a sound knowledge of the people he dealt with. Whatever his theories, they rested on carefully observed facts. Mr. Landor leaves a very different impression. For example, we are not told from first to last what his knowledge of Persian, if he had any, was. His travels seem to involve personal intercourse with the people. But indirect references make it plain that the case was not so, that he had need of an interpreter throughout. With that vanishes at once the first-hand value of his book. The labors of the Oriental as interpreter have to be taken, not with a grain, but with bushels of salt.

The residuum, then, which we have here is the record of the journey of an intelligent and observant but very opinionated man from Enzeli on the Caspian by Teheran, Ispahan, Yezd, Kerman, Naiband, Birjand, Nasratabad in Sistan and Nushki to Quetta. All this, of course, is ground of the most beaten, following the Oriental equivalent of a post-route throughout, and we cannot but wonder that it should have had attractions for a traveller of exploring instincts like Mr. Landor. The solution probably lies in the political prominence of Persia at present. This book is Mr. Landor's contribution to the Persian conundrum now before the English mind, Is Germany my friend, or Russia? His solution is emphatically pro-Russian: the keynote is struck at the very first in an encomium of Russian railway methods, and especially of the through train from Warsaw to Baku. Thereafter follows a very readable and lively account of observations and ideas on the route outlined above, giving special attention to manufactures and trade, actual and possible. All is evidently in thorough good faith, and probably Mr. Landor's studies in consular reports and the like are factually correct, but the general result does not inspire confidence either in his narratives or in his conclusions.

Very different is the impression produced by the Marquis de Segonzac's record of travel. The country through which he went has its questions, too, perhaps more presently burning than that even of Persia. Within, it is full of civil strife, more or less latent; and without, it is watched by jealous and longing eyes. Yet up and down through it, in three great journeys, went this officer of Spahis, in disguise, with native companions speaking the language, though, as he confesses, having no knowledge of literary Arabic, everywhere observing, mapping, photographing, collecting. How he, a wandering beggar for the most part, managed to escape observation and suspicion, to take these careful photographs—not so beautiful, it is true, as those of Mr. Landor, but much more to the point—to watch his chronometers and his compass, his barometer and hypsometer, to keep mapping his route, to fix so many points by careful astronomical observation, —that all must remain a mystery. For M. de Segonzac does not talk much about himself. He gives the barest diary of his movements from day to day, of weather and events—a narrative dry enough, but enlivened from time to time by touches of detail which show the trained observation of a man knowing the people among whom he was. Yet there are passages, too, in which the artist rises above the topographer, and the atmospheric mystery of a landscape is rendered in delicate French. And to it all, as he says himself, the conclusion is lacking. He will not touch "la question marocaine." He recognizes that it lies outside of the frame of his book. One protest only he will make. Exploring simply from lust of wandering or of extending science would be a poor pastime. "Avant tout il [l'explorateur] aspire à servir son pays, et, dans ses rêves de nomade, il voit l'ombre de son drapeau s'étendre partout où il est passé." That is frank at least. His preface, M. Eug. Étienne, Vice-President of the Chambre des Députés, is much more detailed on Algeria's need of Morocco. But they must, he holds, come into one another's arms through natural evolution, fostered by the spread of French influence.

Three great journeys are recorded here. One led our author, as a beggar, living by alms, from mosque to mosque, through the mountains of the Rif, untouched by explorers, the only unmapped part of the littoral of the Mediterranean, from Fez to Melilla and back to Wazzan. The second journey was made under very different conditions, in the company and under the escort of a venerated Sharif (name naturally suppressed), who was willing to give the shelter of his sanctity to this disguised French explorer. Throughout, be it remembered, it is evident that the French are on remarkably close terms with these Sharifs of Wazzan—rivals to the present Sultan, and of an older line—who are at present making trouble in Morocco. On this journey the "Moyen-Atlas"— a term unknown to our maps, but found on German ones—was three times traversed, new ground throughout except for a single crossing by Caillié in 1824-28 and Rohlfs in 1862. Finally, with a single companion, M. de Segonzac made a pious pilgrimage as merchant in a small way through the holy land of Sus, journeying from Dar al-Baida as far south as Tisnit and back to Mogador. Thus three parts of Morocco, two absolutely unknown before and one only touched, have been here unveiled with tolerable completeness. And all is stated with scientific brevity and certitude.

The appendices take up 114 pages, and are careful investigations and descriptions, by specialists called in to the task, of the results of these journeys. A greater contrast, negatively and positively, than this book presents to Mr. Landor's could hardly be imagined.

The Loyalists in the American Revolution. By Claude Halstead Van Tyne, Senior Fellow in the University of Pennsylvania. The Macmillan Co. 1902. Pp. i.-ix., 1-360.

In considering a work based upon the sources, it is important to know what sources have been used. Mr. Van Tyne, nevertheless, gives no bibliography, because, as he says, the bibliography in Flick and in Winsor make it unnecessary to do so. We would suggest that in a work of this kind a bibliography, of the sources at

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least, is indispensable. In the present case it does not appear that the author has made much use of the sources mentioned by Flick, except at second hand, having cited only once (p. 260) the valuable Transcript of the Manuscript Books and Papers of the Committee of Enquiry, etc. From the foot-notes we gather that the sources principally used are the colonial laws and records, the American Archives, Stevens's Facsimiles, Rivington's Gazetteer, and the letters of Murray and of Curwen. Aside from the colonial laws, which have been carefully analyzed (Appendix B, Appendix C), it does not appear that the author's acquaintance with the sources of his subject is exhaustive or intimate. Citations are not made uniformly, and Rivington's Gazetteer has been cited throughout as "Rivington's Gazette."

The work itself is concerned broadly with two problems, quite different in their nature—the formation of the Loyalist party, and the fortunes of the party after it was once formed. The first five chapters, with the possible exception of chapter iii., have to do with the former, the last eight have to do with the latter. Obviously it is more difficult to trace the origin of a party than it is to relate the fortunes of the party after it is once formed. Mr. Van Tyne has, at any rate, apparently found it so, for he has succeeded in giving us a useful and fairly satisfactory summary of the organization of the Loyalists, of what they did, of how they were treated, and of what became of them; but he has failed to give us a useful or satisfactory account of the transformation of the old colonial parties into the Loyalist and Revolutionary parties. Indeed, from the author's point of view, this transformation was necessary only in respect to the patriot party. "Loyalty was the normal condition, the state that *had* existed, and *did* exist, and it was the Whigs . . . who must do the converting," etc. (p. 2). Consequently the author's task is limited for the most part to an enumeration of the classes which remained loyal.

This, it strikes us, is to miss the core of the whole matter. It is, of course, true that loyalty was the normal condition, but loyalty as a general condition, and loyalism as a specific party policy, are quite different things. In the only sense in which the terms have any significance, there were neither Loyalists nor Revolutionists in 1765; in 1776 there were both. Between these dates the progress of events in England and America was steadily in the direction of defining the issue more and more precisely in terms of revolution vs. loyalism; the problem of the historian is to show how the different factions and parties were gradually disintegrated, and forced to accept the one alternative or the other. The central fact was the existence, as late as 1774, of a large conservative party which favored neither absolute revolution nor submissive loyalism. This party was composed of two elements: those who preferred to resort to forcible resistance rather than to accept absolute submission, and those who preferred absolute submission to forcible resistance. In 1774 and 1775 the Conservative party split in two on these lines: those who were facing toward revolution became revolutionists, those who were facing toward loyalism became loyalists. Both elements acted from essentially the same motive—the necessity of supporting the lesser against the greater evil. This central fact Mr. Van Tyne has apparently missed.

The number of errors of detail suggests a hasty gathering and sifting of material. The proposal which led the Boston leaders to await the action of a Continental Congress (p. 34) was not made by the Sons of Liberty in New York, but by the Committee of Fifty-one. "New York Convention" (p. 64) should be "New York Congress"; "Provincial Congress" (p. 88) should be "Provincial Convention"; while "Provincial Convention" (p. 161) should be "Provincial Congress." It is misleading to say that, in spite of majorities on Long Island "against the measure" (of the Provincial Convention in New York, 1775), delegates were sent by "small bodies of patriots who relied on outside support" (p. 89). This was true only in the case of two towns in Queens County, Jamaica and Oyster Bay, and the delegates from Queens County were refused a vote by the Convention. Four counties, instead of three (p. 116), authorized the New York city delegates to act for them in the first Continental Congress; and this authorization was hardly "careless" (see 4 American Archives, i., 1188). It is hardly correct to say that the Provincial Convention in New York assumed legislative powers (p. 119). Aside from a formal approval of the first Continental Congress, its sole work was the election of delegates to the second Continental Congress.

On the whole, Mr. Van Tyne's book, especially the last part of it, will serve a useful purpose, but we feel that the subject is one which might well justify more careful work and profounder thought than has as yet been given to it. The style is somewhat above the level of "dissertation English." The index is good.

Personal Idealism: Philosophical Essays by Eight Members of the University of Oxford. Edited by Henry Cecil Sturt. Macmillan. 1902. 8vo; pp. 393.

The writer of the opening essay of this volume is one of Oxford's importations of four or five years ago, George Frederick Stout, of St. John's, Cambridge, called to Oxford when his eminence in psychology had become unquestionable. He here undertakes to resolve some of the sophisms of Ward and Bradley, mingling logic and psychology in the manner peculiar to him, until the reader doubts whether Mr. Stout could answer correctly which of these subjects it is that he is dealing with. The second essay is by Ferdinand C. S. Schiller, author of 'The Riddles of the Sphinx,' and it is the liveliest, and, as one would say, the most brilliant, in the book. William Ralph Boyce Gibson discusses the problem of freedom in its relation to psychology. Without astonishing originality or clearness of thought, he presents considerations substantially sound, and so commonly overlooked as to be well worth urging. There is, he says, besides the study of the modern psychologists, another science dealing with Mind as conscious of final causation. This naturally suggests a swarm of questions, some of which Mr. Gibson passes without notice, while some he answers or half-answers. George Edward Underhill's paper on "The Limits of Evolution," which argues that the evolutionist cannot deal with origins and unavoidably assumes the existence of laws not subject to development, may be reckoned as padding. Robert Ranulph Marett treats of "Origin and Validity in Ethics," preaching the clear truth that Validity is the primary principle in this field.

One would expect that students who are moved by the conviction that enough has not been made of personality in philosophy, would anchor their bark on the rock of ethics. Yet of these eight essays, two only are ethical, since Mr. Gibson, though he treats of the problem of freedom, does so in the sole interest of psychology. The succulent paper of the editor, on "Art and Personality," sandwiched for no obvious reason between two dry slices of ethics, will prove, we think, the most useful to philosophy of the whole eight. We shall not insist that the writer shows signal skill in hitting his nail squarely on the head, but he manages, after a fashion, to get a sufficient part of it driven home. At any rate, he certainly brings together a considerable number of items of thought bearing upon the question of æsthetics which it will be highly convenient to have thus collected. We hope to hear more from this new philosopher. Messrs. Boyce Gibson, Marett, and Sturt belong to a class of thinkers whose work we shall value more and more as the day of heroes in philosophy fades away *al ponente*. Dr. Frederick William Bussell considers "The Future of Ethics: Effort or Abstention?" Finally, Rev. Hastings Rashdall, best known for his book on the mediæval universities, attempts to analyze personality, and gives in his adhesion to the limitation of God, as against the absolutism of Bradley and other metaphysicians in vogue.

The tendency vaguely described on the title-page is probably destined to play a prominent rôle in the thought of the twentieth century; but even those who believe that some such view will ultimately be found to approve itself after the oscillations of opinion shall have subsided, can hardly expect this publication to shake opinion as it must some time be shaken if metaphysicians are ever to come to any agreement. Mr. Schiller thinks they never will do so; and, furthermore, that they never ought to. Philosophy, he thinks, ought to be regarded as a matter of personal fancy. "The whole history of philosophy shows that the fit of a man's philosophy is and ought to be as individual as the fit of his clothes, and forms a crushing commentary on the intolerant craving for uniformity. . . . For this reason any philosophy is better than none." That is, one must not go metaphysically naked, like Truth in her well, but whatever opinion one takes a fancy to, will answer every essential purpose. Lutoslawski's master, of unpronounceable name, can hardly more magnify the element of human wilfulness. Nevertheless, the assortment and confrontation of opinions, if carefully studied, may have a fine effect. There is eventually to be a "harmony" of metaphysical systems, though no "uniformity," differences of philosophical belief being "too deeply rooted in human idiosyncrasy to be eradicated." Mr. Schiller does not believe there are any hard facts which remain true independently of what we may think about them. He admits it requires a hard struggle to make *all* facts suit our fancy, but he holds that facts change with every phase of experience, and that there are none which have been "all

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along" what history decides they shall have been. This doctrine he imagines is what Professor James means by the "will to believe." He is resolved that it shall have been so.

The main point of the essay, however, is that axioms are explanatory hypotheses—"postulates," the author calls them—which are suggestions coming from our needs, and which, in a measure, are found to fit the facts while in a measure they are forced upon the facts by formalisms. No doubt axioms and explanatory hypotheses may with some justice be thrown together under one heading, but the general theory is considerably more satisfactory than the author's attempts to apply it to the formulæ of logic, such as "A is A," for such a formula is simply an attempt to formulate in part what we perceive that we mean by "is." It thus rather resembles the assertion that a color before the assertor's eyes is red—that is, it resembles a direct judgment of perception; although doubtless this, too, might with some justice be likened to an explanatory hypothesis.

The general movement of thought which the book represents has certainly great vitality; and this signifies that it is destined to develop further. All the writefs have plainly been much impressed by the method of the book, 'Riddles of the Sphinx.' Their bark is not anchored to any special position, and is destined to be carried far—they know not whither. We believe them to be the hardy navigators who will adhere to their method as long as it seems to them rational, wherever it may carry them.

Glimpses of Colonial Society and Life at Princeton College 1766-1773. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1903.

The town of Paterson in New Jersey most conspicuously commemorates to-day the Governor of that State, afterward a Senator and a Justice of the United States, some of whose correspondence with college friends when he was between twenty-one and twenty-eight has been printed, with the above title, under the editorship of Mr. W. Jay Mills. Not much direct light is thrown upon either society or the College, from which he was graduated in 1763, by this law student, whose letters were chiefly occupied with the charms of real and imaginary belles in Philadelphia and Princeton, and with comments upon the tender passion. In the main they show that a hundred and thirty years ago the emotions were as urgent as they are to-day, with perhaps somewhat more open expression. If William Paterson's letters of the next ten years, covering the Revolutionary period, could be recovered, they should be a contribution to history.

A satire upon a tutor who avoided the civic duty of attendance at an accidental fire; reference to the recognized custom on the part of some students of delivering speeches not their own as if original; and an appended letter from the President in 1804, showing the trouble made by a suspended student who would not leave the town, but "haunted the college particularly at nights," are the chief items bearing upon the academic life. A business letter of 1769 says: "There is very little circulating cash in the country, which renders it difficult to take up money," although in Hunterdon County, whither Paterson is going, there are wealthy farmers who "have money to put." We learn incidentally that postal accommodations are indifferent and irregular. Long trips over country roads are taken as a matter of course and without complaint in attending court. These illustrate the times. There is no allusion to dress, to entertainments, to social habits of any kind. Naturally there would be no set comment, in such informal and ephemeral communications, upon the ways of a society with which both parties were familiar, but it is strange that there was no recognition in them of that ground swell of opinion so soon to be manifest in the war for independence.

It seems a question of ethics whether it is quite right to publish such correspondence. There is nothing unbecoming nor really weak in these pages, but they are friends' gossip, not essays for the world. Historians might study such manuscript for details, but we cannot believe that an ordinarily sensitive man would not object, either at the time or in his maturer years, to having them spread abroad. Although written by one who afterward became conspicuous, they are not the letters of a famous man; so the public has not the claim, sometimes set forth, of a right to the developed thoughts, although privately expressed, of those to whom popular acclamation has given fame. Nevertheless we all like human documents, and as one that is well marked, this little book appeals to a natural if not very elevated longing.

Unless the orthography has been very carefully edited, William Paterson was much more literate than the average collegian of his day. There are but one or two misspelled words, and these are carefully stamped with a *sic*. But with all such apparent care the editor sees fit (p. 141) to spell queue without its last two letters. This is a lapse probably distributable between the compositor and the proofreader, but unsightly.

Social Germany in Luther's Time. E. P. Dutton & Co.

We have here a translation, by Mr. Albert D. Vandam, of the memoirs of Bartholomew Sastrow. The title is decidedly too pretentious, inasmuch as Sastrow was a minor personage, whose experience of the world was limited and whose prejudices were extremely strong. It will be seen, too, that he really belongs not to the time of Luther, but to the following generation. He was born in 1520 and lived till 1603. Thus, while the first twenty-six years of his life run parallel with the last twenty-six of Luther's, he belongs to the age of the Council of Trent rather than to the age of the Diet of Worms.

Our only quarrel is with the undue comprehensiveness of the title. This autobiography is worth translating, both for the facts which it contains and for the state of mind which it reveals. Sastrow was a native of Greifswald, and his career is chiefly associated with the Hanseatic region. The Lutheran movement had made good progress in the extreme north of the empire during Sastrow's boyhood, and when, at the age of eighteen, he entered the University of Rostock, he found it under the control of two apostles from Wittenberg, Burenius and Welfius. From whatever influence, Sastrow imbibed during his boyhood a spirit which led him to defend the Lutheranism of the Lutheran religion. His party feeling shows itself strongly in his autobiography, and is indeed one of the main characteristics of the work. As Mr. H. A. L. Fisher observes in his introduction to the present translation:

"Sastrow was a Lutheran and believed in devils as fervently as his great master. . . . For some reason, which to me is inscrutable, but which was as plain as sunlight to Sastrow, a superhuman apparition goes out of its way to help a young Pomeranian scribe, who upon his own showing is anything but a saint, while the innocent maidservant of a miser is blown up with six other persons no less blameless than herself, to enforce the desirability of being free with one's money. This, however, is the usual way in which an egoist digests the popular religion."

At the age of twenty-four Sastrow became an imperial notary, and for historical purposes the most important part of his life falls within the next six years. After serving the Margrave Ernest of Baden and Christopher von Löwenstein, a receiver of the Order of St. John, he journeyed to Italy in 1546, had a glimpse of Rome (where his Lutheranism was carefully concealed), and returned to Germany before the outbreak of the Schmalkaldic War. Unfortunately for itself, Pomerania took the side of the confederates, and, after the battle of Mühlberg, found it necessary to sue for terms. Sastrow received an appointment on the commission which went to Augsburg along with the Pomeranian Chancellor, James Citzewitz. His account of the Diet at which the Interim was drafted is quite the best thing in his narrative of personal experiences, and it alone would justify the publication of the book. The profligacy of the German princes, the cruelty of the Spanish soldiery, and the hideous frequency of judicial murders, throw a lurid light upon the theological debates of this exciting moment. Though not a dignitary of anything like the highest importance, Sastrow stood near enough to the Protestant princes to procure much information and more gossip. During the latter part of his life he was occupied chiefly with the politics of Stralsund. After being made Secretary in 1555 and Councillor in 1562, he reached the post of Burgomaster in 1578. This was the highest position he ever filled. His personality is harsh and unpleasant. His book reflects the more rugged aspects of German life during the middle and latter part of the sixteenth century.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Blaisdell, A. F. and Ball, F. K. Hero Stories from American History. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Boogher, W. F. Gleanings of Virginia History. Washington: Published by the author.

Brochner, Jessie. Danish Life in Town and Country. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20.

Chittenden, H. M. History of Early Steamboat Navigation on the Missouri River: Life and Adventures of Joseph La Barge. 2 vols. Francis P. Harper.

Colson, Elizabeth, and Chittenden, Anna G. The Child Housekeeper. A. S. Barnes & Co.

Gibbs, George. The Love of Monsieur. Harpers.

Howells, W. D. Questionable Shapes. Harpers.

Irving, Washington. The Fur Traders of the Columbia River and the Rocky Mountains. Edited by F. L. Olmsted. (The Knickerbocker Literature Series). G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Johan Mortensen. Le Théâtre Français au Moyen Age. Translated from the Swedish by Emmanuel Philipot. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils.

Kingsley, Charles. Hereward the Wake. 2 vols. J. F. Taylor & Co.

Whigham, H. J. The Persian Problem. Scribners. $3.50.

Whitney, S. Municipal Public Works. Macmillan.

Whiting, C. G. Walks in New England. John Lane. $1.50.

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